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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	629
THE ROYAL CARNIVAL. By Kingsley Martin	632
REPORT ON MOROCCO—I. By Alex Werth	633
CORONATION DIARY. By Philip Hope-Wallace	633
RABBITS TO THE RESCUE. By Sagittarius	634
THIS ENGLAND	634
A HOUSE DIVIDED. By Peter Gutkind	635
THE PLANT BUILDERS. By Nigel Harvey	635
SONS OF THE BRAVE. By Mervyn Jones	636
THE PRESS ON EVEREST. By Janet Adam Smith	638
THE MONGOOSE WHO CAME TO THE CITY. By John Hearne	640
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
Courbet's Art and Politics. By John Berger	640
The Movies. By William Whitebait	641
Watch and Listen. By Hugh Massingham	642
CORRESPONDENCE	643
From Sir Richard Woodley; G. Davys; Nasir Ahmed; Richard Hope; June Barraclough; May Scrutton; James L. Mowat; Jacob Epstein; Ethel Mannin and Jocelyn Brooke.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	645
LITTLE LAMENT. By G. S. Fraser	645
REVIEWS:	
Africa Coloured. By Maurice Freedman	646
REVIEWS—*contd.*	
Clouds of Witness. By J. O. Prestwich	646
The Political Consequences of Lord Keynes. By R. H. S. Crossman	648
A Sea Coast in Bohemia. By Naomi Lewis	648
Grand Inquisitor. By Norman MacKenzie	650
General Gordon. By Ralph Partridge	650
New Novels. By J. D. Scott	651
Myth into Tragedy. By Anthony Curtis	651
SHORTER REVIEWS	652
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	653
CHESS. By Assiac	653
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	654

Pravda's Point-Counterpoint

To Churchill and Eisenhower alike, the Kremlin has replied by means of the front page of *Pravda*. But this time the article was followed by diplomatic action. Mr. Malenkov has turned down the proposal for yet another meeting of the deputies charged with the Austrian negotiations. No good purpose would be served by such a meeting, he coolly observed, and indicated that the Austrian treaty, in his view, must take its place among the other items on the agenda of the high-level conference. Malenkov is ready to talk, but not to play the part of the penitent in a white sheet which the Washington psychological warriors had allotted to him.

Anyone who seriously believed that the Kremlin would dutifully fulfil Mr. Eisenhower's demand for unconditional diplomatic surrender must have been living in a dream world. Whatever anxieties Stalin's successors felt immediately after his death must have been removed by the miraculous success of their first cautious peace feelers. Without making a single substantial concession, they have shown up the instability of the Western alliance and exposed the hollowness of the American claim that Communist obduracy was the sole obstacle to an armistice in Korea. They can hardly have foreseen the full extent of Mr. Dulles's ineptitude or the way in which Senator McCarthy would undermine confidence in America's peaceful intentions. But instead of snatching greedily at these windfalls of fortune, they have accepted them with prudent self-restraint. Indeed, in this second *Pravda* article they almost seem to be giving Mr. Eisenhower a lesson in the old-fashioned diplomatic manner.

To Sir Winston the Kremlin is equally courteous and a good deal more cordial. The *Pravda* article accepts his "constructive offers regarding methods of examining problems," welcomes his views on the Korean armistice talks, and notes carefully the difference between the British and American positions. But then its tone becomes more severe. The Prime Minister's attitude to the German problem is described as "raising doubts even in the minds of those who would have wished to read in his speech a real inclination towards the settlement of the problem." *Pravda* then goes on to warn him that any ganging up at Bermuda will mean that he is already retreating, "if not from the letter, then at least from the spirit of his offer." In this concluding passage it is almost as though Mr. Malenkov were reminding the Premier of the merits of the balance of power. On the new world stage, he suggests that the Commonwealth should assume the role which Britain traditionally played in the European microcosm.

Already it is being suggested—in London as well as in Washington—that the Russian reply is tantamount to a rejection of serious negotiation. We can appreciate the special reasons why American comment should follow this line. If a conference takes place, it will be on Sir Winston's and Mr. Malenkov's terms and not on Mr. Eisenhower's. But why should anyone in this country resent either the tone or the content of the *Pravda* article? How much further could the Kremlin have gone? How could it have failed to repudiate the Prime Minister's attitude to Germany after the fulsome welcome given to Dr. Adenauer last week? How could it fail to show some displeasure at the prospect of Britain and France being pressured into line at Bermuda? How could it readily resume the negotiations on Austria after Mr. Eisenhower had made the signature of an Austrian peace treaty an act of submission to America's demands? The proper conclusion, surely, is that though Mr. Malenkov is unwilling to give away anything in advance he wants exactly the kind of high-level talks the Premier proposed. That, surely, is a success for British diplomacy.

Korean Truce Hopes

Though a curtain of secrecy has been rung down on the resumed talks at Panmunjon—the very fact that Syngman Rhee has recalled his delegate in high dudgeon suggests that the revised proposals which General Harrison tabled last Monday may have a better chance of acceptance. We

have yet to learn definitely how far the Americans have decided to go in trying to save the talks from deadlock; but press reports from Washington indicate that substantial concessions are being made as a result of the consultations between the U.S. and allied Governments. Indeed, we have Sir Winston Churchill's assurance that the new terms are "very close" to the Indian plan which the U.N. Assembly approved last December. It seems likely, therefore, that Syngman Rhee's indignation is due to the dropping of the proposal (said to have been made largely at his insistence) that all the North Korean prisoners not directly repatriated should be released forthwith in South Korea. Apart from this, the indications are that the new American plan concedes that the Neutral Commission should decide policy on a majority vote, and that the only limitations on free access to the prisoners by representatives of their nations should be (quite reasonably) safeguards against possible intimidation. Finally, it looks as if General Harrison may now have been instructed to agree to the Communist proposal that, after a determined period, the task of settling the fate of prisoners still refusing repatriation should pass to a political conference, provided always that a time limit be placed on this stage of "supervision"—the implication presumably being that the final arbitrament in the case of the ultimate residue of "recalcitrants" should revert to the General Assembly. If this outline of the new proposals proves to be substantially correct, the chances of agreement look brighter than at any time in the negotiations.

Sir Lincoln and the Steel Board

The bitterness and contempt with which the rank-and-file of the Labour Movement has greeted Sir Lincoln Evans's retirement to a £5,000 a year job on the Tory Steel Board should not be written off as merely the baying of a few disgruntled Bevanites or personal hostility against a trade union leader who has for long been remote from most of his members. The acceptance by Sir Lincoln of the vice-chairmanship, and by two other members of the General Council of part-time membership, of the Board is a real tactical triumph for Mr. Sandys—and even more for the patient work of Sir Walter Monckton and the Prime Minister himself. The latter has devoted a good deal of time this year to a personal courtship of the more "reliable" union leaders, and the capture, not only of Sir Lincoln, but of two of his colleagues, who had not previously indicated approval of the Government's steel policy, is a sign that his efforts are beginning to be rewarded. No doubt, the three new steel-masters would justify their action by citing the convenient doctrine that, once a controversial measure becomes law, it is the duty of all to accept it. But there is a world of difference between accepting the new machinery and accepting a four-figure salary to operate it. As for the argument, which clearly prevailed inside the General Council at Wednesday's meeting, that trade unionists must accept such positions in order to safeguard the interests of their own members, the Patternmakers, in forcing Mr. Beard's withdrawal, have given an answer which trade unionists will prefer to what Mr. Willis, for the London printers, calls "collaboration."

There still seems to be some doubt whether Sir Lincoln and his colleagues consulted with the Labour Parliamentary leaders. It is almost inconceivable that they could have taken such a politically important step without doing so. Yet had they consulted Mr. Strauss, for instance, who duly consulted the T.U.C. at each stage of his Parliamentary attack on the Bill, they must have been bluntly advised of the political significance of their action and of the resentment it would cause. Mr. Strauss himself, indeed, has already undermined the case for accepting membership of the Board, by condemning it in Parliament as having "no authority whatever to carry out the supervisory duties imposed" on it.

The Government's pleasure at the composition of the Board must, however, be slightly qualified by one consideration: the two part-time posts were widely canvassed in the trade union world, and especially in the A.E.U., before acceptors were found; and now that Mr. Beard has been replaced by Mr. Andrew Naesmith, two of the three trade union members are elderly men with waning influence, and one has no connection with the steel industry. Sir Winston Churchill is known to feel jubilant at the political embarrassment caused to the Labour Party by the appointments; but Mr. Sandys is no doubt wise enough to realise that they do not imply the support of workers in the steel industry or of trade unionists as a whole.

Sir Winston Rides Again

The evacuation of British women and children from Cairo and the return to this country of Sir Ralph Stevenson are both of them parts of the psychological warfare which Sir Winston Churchill has decided to employ against General Neguib. Sir Ralph was deeply committed to the Eden policy—now condemned as rank appeasement by the Premier—of seeking an agreement on the basis of accepting the principle of evacuation. He has been inconvenienced by illness for some weeks, but would certainly have continued negotiations if his replacement at this juncture had not been regarded as desirable on grounds of high policy. The evacuation which has already begun indicates clearly enough what that high policy is. Sir Winston has decided to make it clear to the Egyptians that, if the British demands are not met, he will fight it out and if necessary reoccupy Cairo and Alexandria. Coming from any other Englishman this would have been written off as mere bluff, but in the ears of the Egyptian Junta, Churchill is as awful a name as Boney was to us in the Napoleonic wars. It is obvious that Neguib and his strong man, Colonel Abdul Nassar, have taken the Prime Minister's threat in deadly earnest. In facing it they have the support of every Arab country (including even Jordan) and of Pakistan and India as well. But they realise that this support will mean little if fighting breaks out, and they are now frantically trying to persuade the Americans to evolve a new compromise plan. Here they are likely to be successful. Both Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles are smarting under the diplomatic drubbing they have received from Sir Winston and they would certainly not be prepared to give any support to the occupation of Cairo by British troops when the matter was brought, as it certainly would be, to the United Nations. Sir Winston is conducting his psychological warfare in the boyish spirit of the cavalry charge at Omdurman of which he is the sole living survivor. Having taken over the Foreign Office and reversed Mr. Eden's policy, the Prime Minister seems completely oblivious to the fact that all he can hope to achieve by these cavalier methods is the overthrow of General Neguib and his replacement by someone even more implacably anti-British.

MR. BASIL DAVIDSON

On his arrival, last week, in Johannesburg, Mr. Basil Davidson, who was making a tour of South and Central Africa as Special Correspondent of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, was deported from the Union as having been a "prohibited immigrant" since 1951.

In the summer of 1951, when he last visited the Union, Mr. Davidson contributed to this journal a series of articles on trends in South Africa. Based, as they were, on careful and well-documented study of conditions, these articles, which included warnings of the dangers of Nationalist and racial policies, attracted world-wide attention.

It would appear that the Malan Government is not prepared to tolerate further objective reporting of developments in its territory. Next week we hope to publish a full despatch from Mr. Davidson.

Nigerian Dilemma

With characteristic brusqueness, Mr. Lyttelton announced his intention to hold talks in London on the Nigerian "constitutional crisis" before even informing the Nigerian Ministers. This was an inept preliminary to a meeting at which one essential is that Britain should dispel the suspicion entertained by the Southern political parties that she is attempting to "divide and rule" by supporting the feudal Emirs of the North against Southern nationalism. The National Party and the Action Group, led respectively by Dr. Azikwe and Mr. Awolowo—now acting in alliance—point to the Northern Elements Progressive Union as evidence that the Northern people are turning against the Emirates; but though it has still to be determined whether the recent riots were not instigated by *agents provocateurs*, there is no question but that there is real opposition from the conservative Moslem North to the irreverent sophisticated young nationalists of the South. The real dilemma is that, economically and constitutionally, Nigeria has been organised as a unit since 1914. To both North and South the advantages of unity are immediately considerable and potentially overwhelming. The Southerners vehemently reject any idea of partition. Does Mr. Lyttelton intend to propose a federal structure? That would scarcely satisfy the demands of the Southern political parties for a Nigeria not merely independent but united. On the other hand, the nationalists have yet to convince the Northern people that self-government is synonymous with good administration. Meanwhile, unless both sides can avoid further violence, additional ammunition will be provided for the White nationalists in other parts of the continent who are so fearful of Negro responsible government.

Co-operative Policy

At the Co-operative Congress, held at Llandudno, the President, Mr. John Cocina, staked out a powerful claim on behalf of the Co-operative form of socialisation as against the Labour Party's method of control by public boards and corporations. Co-operative enterprise, he said, was the most democratic of all forms of social ownership; and he demanded from the Labour Party full recognition of its claim. He argued that it had been necessary to nationalise the basic industries and services; but he affirmed that the Co-operative movement "could not agree to any weakening of the social fabric by the compulsory transference of consumer services to bureaucratic forms of State control."

This would be much more convincing if the Co-operative bodies showed greater initiative in expanding their own sector. The plain fact is that in recent years they have been barely holding their own in the trades in which they have long been well entrenched. Nor does there seem to be any great prospect of rapid expansion along the present lines. The Co-operators have recently set up a special committee to investigate the entire structure and working of the C.W.S., which is accused of being top heavy, over centralised, and unresponsive to new ideas. There is every reason for wishing the movement to play an effective part in the further process of socialisation contemplated in the new programme to be laid before the Labour Party Conference this autumn; but can the Co-operators expect to do this until they are prepared to put forward really constructive proposals of their own? The Co-operative Party, which should attempt this, made, last year, a serious effort with the publication of its pamphlet, *A People's Industry*—only to be rebuffed by the central leadership.

Workers' Education Jubilee

The Workers' Educational Association, celebrating its jubilee at Harrogate last week-end, wisely concentrated mainly on the future and did not waste much time in throwing brickbats at Miss Horsbrugh. It did, however, insist that it has no intention of being put in the dock by the coming Committee of Inquiry into adult education, before which it proposes to claim help for a considerable expansion of its work. The leading spokesmen, Mr. Harold Clay, Professor Tawney, and Mr. Asa Briggs, were at one in claiming that the need for the W.E.A., far from having declined, has become greater than ever with the growth of working-class power, and that there are ample reserves of ability still untapped. Professor Tawney dismissed as absurd the notion that it is possible to settle at the age of eleven who is capable of profiting by higher education and who is not, and went on to attack the idea that all the trade unions need for their members is a narrow training in trade union techniques, as against a wider equipment for understanding the problems of the world around them. Mr. Briggs insisted on the urgent need for new methods of dealing with groups of students for whom the three-year tutorial class, or a shorter course modelled upon it, does not provide the right answer.

PARIS

After M. Mayer

Our Paris correspondent writes: Cabinet crises in France have become so frequent that the fall of M. René Mayer scarcely caused a ripple; and even among politicians a callous indifference was displayed towards his fate. There was something about M. Mayer that just didn't go down. His cold, business-like inhumanity, many thought, might be justified if he had shown any business-like results; but he hadn't even done that. And there was one thing which Parliament found hard to forgive him—the demand he made that it approve the 80 milliard loan from the Bank of France "because the plane for Washington was waiting." When this time M. Mayer announced that there was going to be a Big Three conference in Bermuda, many said: "What? *Le coup de l'avion* once again? Not on your life!" So the special financial powers he was asking for were firmly refused. Anyway, these powers would have enabled M. Mayer to cover the budget deficit only to the tune of about 100 milliard francs—which, with a real deficit eight times as large, wasn't really going to settle anything finally.

Many felt in the Assembly that if, indeed, there was to be a "decisive" Big Three meeting, France had better be represented by somebody more impressive. In addition, what greatly contributed to the downfall of M. Mayer was the most peculiar position of the 80-odd members of the former Gaullist R.P.F. Since de Gaulle had washed his hands of any further Parliamentary activities, and had left the deputies elected under his banner a completely free hand, the desire among many of them to get into the Government had become almost irresistible. If there were a change of Government, that would give them a chance.

The four months of the René Mayer Government had, moreover, been disappointing in every way. There was growing discontent in the country, numerous strikes, and the threat of more strikes; in Indo-China things were going from bad to worse; new troubles had broken out in Tunisia; and on no question did M. Mayer seem capable of deciding on any clear line. On the matter of the E.D.C., the Government was marking time; in North Africa, in the absence of any definite Government policy, as M. Robert Schuman was to reiterate at the M.R.P. Congress on Sunday, the "local cliques" were really running the place; and what perhaps irritated educated French opinion most was that, to the tremendous problem of world peace, the French Government had contributed literally nothing. Sir Winston Churchill had spoken up; M. Mayer, for fear of offending Washington, had not uttered a single word to show that, in the Anglo-American argument about the right approach to the Soviet Union, French opinion is overwhelmingly on Churchill's side.

The succession? Of those approached by M. Auriol, Paul Reynaud had seemed the likeliest candidate. On Wednesday, however, he failed to secure from the Assembly a vote of confidence for his demand for powers to dissolve Parliament in default of agreement to his financial programme. In any case, M. Reynaud is associated in most minds as the "Premier of 1940," and is also a die-hard conservative. His financial ideas would have gone against the grain of not only the Socialists, but also of the rank-and-file of the M.R.P., who, at their Congress, despite the greater conservatism of their leaders, have been pleading for a *rapprochement* with the Socialists. Moreover, M. Reynaud's strong support of European federalism and the E.D.C. is far from being shared by the ex-Gaullists. Several observers have come to the conclusion that the chief problem of any new Government will not be financial at all, but international: the French financial problem cannot be solved—and it is scarcely any use even tackling it—until clear decisions are taken on the E.D.C., on rearmament, and, above all, on whether the war in Vietnam is to go on or not. And if it is, who is to pay for it?

GUATEMALA

Communism or Land Reform?

A Correspondent writes: Last March, in a speech delivered at Dartmouth College, the former American Ambassador to Argentina, Mr. Spruille Braden, called for the United States to intervene in Guatemala because it was "becoming a Communist bridgehead in Latin America." This denunciation was in line with the vociferous campaign that the U.S. press has been waging against the Central American republic. Mr. Braden is now public relations director for the United Fruit Company, the powerful organisation that is the most important single political factor in Central America.

Guatemala is successfully carrying through a long overdue agrarian reform. A country slightly smaller than England, with a population of 2,700,000, Guatemala had 70 per cent. of its arable land in the hands of 2.2 per cent. of the landowners, some of whom owned as much as 1,302,000 acres. At the other end of the scale there were a quarter of a million squatters, peasants, and small farmers owning an average of 3½ acres each. Of these holdings, more than 25 per cent. were rented to even poorer peasants.

The agrarian reform law provides for the nationalisation of uncultivated land, land worked by tenants, and land needed for the formation of urban communities. It specifically exempts land owned or rented by agricultural enterprises and used for plantations such as banana, coffee, citronella and cotton. This leaves most of the land belonging to the United Fruit Company outside the scope of this very mild reform. Compensation for nationalised lands is to be paid according to the valuations made by the landowners for the payment of land-taxes last year. If, as some Guatemalans allege, United Fruit has been submitting low valuations, then its compensation would be on a comparably low level.

It is hardly appropriate to call this reform "Communistic," since its declared objective is to stimulate capitalist agriculture. Nevertheless, the United Fruit Company has started a powerful propaganda campaign against Guatemala: it may be motivated less by anger at the loss of 120,000-odd acres of fallow lands that the Company held in the country, than by the fear that if this agrarian reform is left unchallenged, it might prove contagious, and threaten the privileged position of United Fruit in the Caribbean.

The pressure against Guatemala has not been restricted to press and radio attacks. On March 29 an armed uprising was put down by the Guatemalan Government. Later it was found that the leaders of this abortive coup were retired military officers of the former Ubico dictatorship, ended in 1944 by the present revolutionary Government. It is alleged in Guatemala that United Fruit gave the revolt financial backing, and that it was prepared with the support of El Salvador, Nicaragua, Honduras, and the Dominican Republic, in whose affairs United Fruit is influential. The Guatemalan press has charged the United Fruit Company with using the O.D.E.C.A., the organisation of Central American States, as an instrument of intervention, and, on April 4, Guatemala withdrew from it in protest.

The Royal Carnival

NOTHING in our present civilisation would so stagger the founders of Western Democracy as the overwhelming popularity of the British monarchy. Until the twentieth century, monarchy was so intimately associated with feudalism and superstition that Liberals and Socialists usually shared the view of the English Radical, Thelwall, who blew the froth from his beer and said: "So would I treat all kings." When George IV died, it was the already respectable *Times* which asked "what heart has heaved one sob of unmercenary sorrow?" and went on to describe him as an "inveterate voluptuary" for whose vices and debts the country must unhappily pay. Not long after she ascended the throne, Queen Victoria was hooted at as "Mrs. Melbourne," and on the eve of the Crimean war she threatened to abdicate because of newspaper attacks upon her and the Prince Consort, who was supposed to have been incarcerated in the Tower on a charge of treason. In the next thirty years Republicanism was powerfully supported by such distinguished Liberals (both soon to be imperialists) as Sir Charles Dilke and Joseph Chamberlain, and it became a commonplace of Radical discussion that Queen Victoria would be the last English monarch.

The Republican argument was simple. Society was believed to be growing more rational as well as more democratic; intelligent citizens, having won the vote, would rid themselves of such irrational anomalies as the monarchy, the House of Lords and Church Establishment. It was argued that either the Crown played a part in politics, in which case it was a sinister interest in democracy, or it did nothing, in which case it was a needless expense. The answer came from the pioneer sociologist, Walter Bagehot, and the astute politician, Disraeli. Bagehot argued that the magic of monarchy might survive in our democracy unless we foolishly allowed the light of reason to penetrate its mysteries. Disraeli acted upon this advice when he brought the Queen from her retirement and crowned her Empress of India. Since then, politicians and newspapers have vied with one another in emphasising the irrational aspects of our public life, and those who put their trust in reason have ceased to attack the monarchy because it has become clear in our day that a Republic is not necessarily more rational than a nation which maintains a ceremonial and symbolic Crown. All countries need their symbols of unity and opportunities of pageantry: these are both happier and less dangerous when they flow from the tradition of the country.

This is the only sensible way to regard the Coronation. It is no service to the monarchy to give superstitious significance to ceremonies which we enjoy as symbolic. Strange indeed to find people, who have abandoned the Real Presence in the sacrament, failing to distinguish in the Coronation between the symbolic use of ceremony and the magical efficacy of ritualistic and cabalistic words. We dishonour the Coronation by mumbo-jumbo. Pundits tell us that our Coronation ceremony contains rituals used in the crowning of kings in Fiji and in the anointing of Brahminic priest-kings in India. It is instructive to be told that during the Abbey Service the Queen dies and is reborn; that she is treated throughout as a priestess as well as a Queen; that her Coronation is a survival of the days when men believed in fertility rites. We shall not be deluded into thinking that there is in this pageantry the magic which men once attributed to witch doctors; we do not think that next year's harvest or the dollar gap depends on the correct formula in the Coronation celebration rather than on the intelligence of scientists, the policies of Government, and the hard work of farmers and labourers. It is the enemies of reason who try to retain a superstitious attitude to the monarchy, just as they tried, not so long ago, to retain its political powers.

The British monarchy is popular in England today just because reason has so largely won the day. Our monarchy survives in an age when so many Crowns have rolled in the dust because of the wisdom of our monarchs and their advisers. It is true that if the public had known at the time all that we now know of the Crown's relations with Ministers, the fat would quickly have been in the fire. Queen Victoria interpreted the right to be consulted and to give advice as the right to bully and plague her Ministers. And even in this century monarchy has exercised more political influence than democrats would have approved. Sir Stafford Cripps was not talking idly when he got into trouble for warning the country against "Buckingham Palace circles." Nor were those who thought of the dangers of Tory extremists trying to exploit the ancient prerogatives of the Crown in moments of crisis in any way irresponsible scaremongers. Foolish people during the fight over the House of Lords and the Ulster Rebellion before the first World War wanted the King to revive the Royal veto and to refuse to accept the advice of his Ministers. If George V had listened to this folly, he might well have made Lloyd George leader of a Republican Liberal party. Similarly, the traditional Republican element within the British Labour Party was silenced by the correct constitutional behaviour of George V and George VI towards Labour Governments. The first rule for all monarchs who wish to preserve their crowns in a democracy is that they should unreservedly accept the advice of their Prime Ministers and never under any circumstances become involved in party politics. It is only on condition of renouncing power that monarchy maintains some of its magic.

It has been pointed out that there exists within every citizen both a desire to venerate his leaders and a resolute intention to overthrow them when they are irksome. Constitutional monarchy is a subtle device which enables us, anthropologically speaking, both to adore and kill our king; by dividing supreme authority into two, we can lavish adulation upon the Crown and kick out the Government when we choose. When kings are identified with Governments, the public must be either servile or revolutionary and, in moments of crisis, the throne totters.

The second condition of successful monarchy in this century is personally onerous to the Royal family. Kings and queens must renounce the normal enjoyments of private life, while all the time living precisely the kind of home-loving life of middle-class respectability of which the very essence is privacy. It was mainly because Edward VIII never conveyed this impression of middle-class respectability that his abdication was, in effect, inevitable; it was Mr. Baldwin, and not Mr. Churchill, who correctly assessed public feeling. That the monarch should be the epitome of all middle-class virtues was established beyond dispute in the later days of Queen Victoria; Edward VII, a reformed character as king, did not dispel this conception though he failed wholly to conform to it. How grateful the public was for a king who so precisely, so conventionally, so punctilliously adhered to it was manifested at the Jubilee of George V.

Queen Elizabeth, as the saying goes, "has got everything." She is young and attractive; she has a son and daughter, whose pictures, as they climb in and out of the drawing room windows, suggest to every mother in the country that the home life of the Queen is, after all, very much like theirs. The Duke is as handsome as a Prince should be. He is at home as a sailor and an air pilot and looks fine in either uniform. Almost every woman in the country subconsciously identifies herself with the Queen; her Coronation, at which the Archbishop crowns her, and her husband is the first to pay homage, is surely the supreme fulfilment of feminine desire. If every woman is a Cinderella at heart, the Coronation is a fairy story in which we can all share. Amidst cheering crowds the gingerbread coach with its pantomime footmen and circus horses rolls along, and out of its windows, smiling on an enchanted world, leans the young Queen herself, with her glass slippers barely hidden and Prince Charming by her side.

I am told that this royal triumph is due to the deep machinations of cunning men who give us every day more monarchy in our newspapers and more religion on the B.B.C. Such a propaganda element does exist; it has been at work ever since Privilege began to fear democracy. It is less necessary, however, today than it was forty years ago and less even than it was in the 30's. For our society is floating on a tide of unreason. Men believed in the 30's that they could influence events. Today they feel disillusioned and helpless. They respond to every "human interest" item in the Press, to everything intimate and non-political, to the Royal fairy story, more than they did 20 years ago because they feel unable to face the affairs of the world. In 1953, newspapers find that the public appetite for monarchy is unlimited. If we deplore this, we are deploring a *malaise* of our age, of which the worship of monarchy is one of the least important and less unhappy signs. No doubt the extravagant lengths to which it goes is a symptom of the same disease which started Fascism on the Continent and gives McCarthy so much power in America today. But what a contrast as a symptom! If British democracy does no worse than this, we shall have little to complain of. The public is not under any illusions that we shall be saved by magic or that the Coronation is more than a royal carnival. In that spirit, without silliness or solemnity, we can all enjoy ourselves.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Report on Morocco

I.—Du Côté de Chez Boniface

THROUGH the windows of the vast office of the Prefect of Casablanca one views the magnificent Parc Lyautey, with its statues of the General and other French conquerors of Morocco. Around the Parc, skyscrapers rise into the blue sky: this is the heart of European Casablanca—a sort of North African New York, where building sites cost up to £40 a square metre, more than in the Champs Elysées. The Moroccan inhabitants of this city, whose population is already about 700,000 and rising rapidly, do not live in this quarter; their homes are to be found in the filthy old *medinas*, or in the outlying *bidonvilles*, unspeakable tin-can slums that have sprung up in the last few years and are said to hold 100,000 people. (It was here that the riots started last December; they are "the cancer of Casablanca," the authorities tell you; but it is hoped that by 1956 they will have been replaced by the new Garden Cities now under construction.)

M. Boniface, the Prefect, is impressive. *Il a de la gueule*, as the French say; a terrific personality, full of boisterous *bonhomie*, and superbly conscious of being invulnerable—whatever Paris has to say. Was it not indeed to him that M. Robert Schuman recently alluded when he wrote that there were certain officials in key positions in Morocco enjoying such support from the big financial interests there that no French Government could possibly get rid of them? In the Prefect's office hung a large picture of Lyautey, who believed that, by virtue of the Protectorate, France should guide the Moroccans but not interfere with their native institutions by *administration directe*, and who wanted the Moroccans to love the French. Lyautey may still be a hero in the eyes of sentimental Parisians; but here? The other day General Catroux, who knew Lyautey well in the past, was going to Casablanca to give a lecture on the hero. Two days before he was due to leave Paris, he received a letter from General Guillaume, the Resident General, strongly urging him to cancel his visit, because, he had every reason to know, there would be very serious trouble at the lecture. Catroux had recently written an article in *Le Figaro* associating himself with M. Mauriac's campaign against the "un-Christian" colonial policy of the French in Morocco, and had claimed that this was contrary to Lyautey's teaching. Who had told the Resident that "the boys" would make trouble? M. Boniface? I wondered. That picture in M. Boniface's office window somehow reminded me of the bust of Masaryk, which I had once seen in the office of Mr. Fierlinger, in Prague.

Certainly M. Boniface left me fully aware that he had no use for Francois Mauriac, whom French business men and *colons* here regard as a "traitor" for having dared to raise a Catholic conservative voice against the ruthless handling of the December riots. Equally, he had no hesitation in defending French "colonialism." It was not true that the French were hated in Morocco; they had done wonders, stamped out banditry and malaria, civilised the country. In 1912, the Moroccans had nothing, no schools, no hospitals, no roads, no telephones; not a damned thing. The people were perhaps friendlier then? Yes, in a way; but they fired guns at you. Of course, it was still a backward country. But very different from the medieval Morocco of forty years ago. "And," added M. Boniface, "it has all the possibilities of a democratic country."

"And the Istiqlal, M. le Prefet?"

"*C'est zéro;* a few half-baked intellectuals with wishy-washy ideas about the French Revolution. Young people spouting slogans, waving flags, a lot of nonsense encouraged by a crazy press. They picked up a few ideas from the Communists; but the Moroccan people despise them; and when they started making trouble here in Casablanca we had to put our foot down firmly. Look at Casa now; peace, perfect peace . . ."

M. Boniface, in his way, typifies the difference between the French in Morocco and the French in France. One finds here, of course, the usual sharks and gangsters, the thousands who have come to Morocco to make money overnight by speculating in land values and what-not; but, for all that, most Frenchman here have an earnest sense of "mission." Like M. Boniface, they are proud of what colonialism has done. They may be buccaneers, thugs; but they are conscious of being empire-builders. Mixed with colonial exploitation in its most blatant form, one finds a belief that it is France's sacred duty to the Arabs to allow them to benefit *gradually* from French culture and economic planning. Most common of all, perhaps, is the feeling that it is no use looking too far ahead or paying attention to the sentimental and intellectual busybodies in Paris. "Heaven knows what may happen in ten years; *we* have got to keep the place under control, and see that the 350,000 Frenchmen who have settled here come to no harm. If you tell us that the French will one day be swamped in North Africa by the growing Arab population, well, our children can deal with *that* problem."

In the lovely residence quarter of Rabat most of the officials I met were less *simplieste* than the forthright M. Boniface. They readily admitted shortcomings. Wages *must* be raised. Of course, there were only 200,000 little Moroccans at school; but it took time to train teachers. Eventually, all children would go to school; the situation was much less bad than in Pakistan, Egypt or Iraq; lots of young Moroccans ("Sorry, I can't recall the exact figure") went to French *Lycées*. There were 350 Moroccan students in France. . . . It wasn't true that the French settlers had taken *all* the good land: they had taken just "ordinary" land and improved it; not more than 20 per cent of the arable land anyway. . . . The hardest of all problems was to get the small peasant to improve his methods of cultivation. But they were learning gradually, irrigation was making rapid progress, and the Administration was doing its utmost to achieve an increase of two quintals per hectare in output.

"What about local self-government?" Well, the Moroccans weren't in the habit of administering anything. "We asked the local Moroccan authorities, a year or so ago, to organise proper registration of births and deaths. After several months of muddle we had to take over, using the Moroccans as a façade. As for trade unions, one important official said to me: "For my part, I think we should have *syndicats d'entreprises*, rather on the model of Vichy's Labour Charter." I noticed, on more than one occasion, that "Vichy" and "Petain" were not words that people in Morocco avoided. For three years during the war, General Nogues had held Morocco, and here Vichy is nothing to be ashamed of. Indeed, shame and humility are not emotions with which the French in Morocco are familiar. "The French here are quite unrecognisable—nothing *vernegert* about them," said a German visitor to a French official at Rabat recently. The official repeated that remark to me, with a smirk of satisfaction.

ALEX WERTH

Coronation Diary

WHITSUN eve, and the waitress blowing on the sausage rolls cocks an eye at the skylight where rain has palpably fallen. "Rotten old day, eh?" she says between puffs, and there hangs between us an unspoken, half treasonable thought: suppose it rains on *the* day, C-day as we must learn to call it? Everything can be ensured, planned, erected; we shall all, evidently, be able to make water in comparative luxury. But a clear sky? Is it too much to ask? We suck our teeth and summon doleful memories of wet Wimbledons, wet Derbies, the First of June gale which postponed D-day itself. Here again our sacred English proviso "Under Cover if Wet" cannot apply. Defenceless as theatricals upon the vicarage lawn (which in a faint way it all rather resembles), it is the weather which will make or break. With a clear, high sky, nothing, not even the Roses o' Regent Street, can dismay.

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But the gods, among them Jupiter Pluvius, owe us, the highly tried British Public, a pay off, a real beano. By Whitsun, the skies relent, turn marble again, then azure. The halcyon arrives. My cake shop Cassandra, confounded, changes her tune: "Plenty 'll be faintin' if *this* keeps up." Keeps up? We are half stifled by mid-morning. Steam rises from hydrangeas bedded in unlikely crannies on Debenham's; rises also from socks taken out of shoes by stout parties collapsed on soiled *Sunday Graphics* around the base of Eros, a god now strangely prinked out as a ballet boy in a golden cage—symbol of what, one cannot think. His wings look hot and heavy. Hot and heavy—how quickly we turn against the benison of sunshine. It is now cries of "Ouf," and "Isn't it terrible?" For lack of better to do, the evening early editions join in. As ever, the poster reads Princess Margaret Surprise, but the news within is a headline saying Phew!—and talk already of The Coronation Heat Wave. Fineness, mere absence of rain, has become a sort of ordeal, born stoically by the huge trudging, peering crowds. Such good and patient crowds too; not like the fierce Cup Tie invaders, shoving and vomiting on the escalators, but soulful, awestruck, thinking it all nice really and only tut-tutting a little at all them workmen, all that wood—"should have gone on housing. I meantersay, all for one procession . . ." Shuffling ankle-deep in paper (street cleaners' Bank Holiday too), they drag by the hand half-naked tots who suck lollies and pardon themselves politely when wind escapes them. But where are the exotics, the maharajahs riding in diamond-hung howdahs, the eight-foot blackamoors, the Eskimo princesses, the Cossack counts? All I can find is a begum in a mink stole. Those Arabian Nights of London we remember from the war, from the Peace Procession, are not come again—yet.

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It is towards the great national shrines, Selfridges and the Palace, that the aching soles are yearning. Up Regent Street it is roses, roses, all the way, neither quite Tudor nor yet Alexandra, and never so grim as when pinned to the concrete bosom of Broadcasting House. Perhaps, people say resignedly, they will look better at night, lighted up like turnip ghosts. (They don't.) Other warnings of the folly of private enterprise abound, some charming in their folly, like the *fantaisie* of my local electrician's, some incredible, like the Dorchester, one vast fir-tree. But Regent Street, with its roses and strips of bargain basement creton, attains the status of a national calamity, like floods or bombs, to be enjoyed sadly. Oxford Street, however, misses vulgarity. Per-

haps this can be achieved later. A talkative lady from Marlow told me that "more statues is coming." Certainly there is one already, a vast effigy of the Queen *en grenadière*. Will it be matched, I ask, by others and if so by whom? Winston, the Jook, perhaps? Or Miss Lightbody, I suggest, without success. In the Mall, the ballet-cum-milliner style, like Windsmoor, looks its best. Light, happy, fanciful; one might almost be at Battersea again, today forgotten and deserted. A lovely avenue has been well dressed. But the trouble is, most of the route is basically hideous. In the uglier streets, the dainty motifs, plastic fronds round sky-blue lamp-posts, start us wondering. A tribute to leafy June, of course; and how lovely it would be if the Queen could drive under towering, flowering chestnut trees reared high against the marble sky: but plastic fronds, even when they catch the light, diaphanously, make what they decorate sometimes look shabbier, and steal its only decent attribute, a grubby dignity. One is reminded of some stern and ugly old servant, unsmilingly arrayed in a paper hat. Irremediably, of course, it is the mammoth advertisements which make the scene. The cortege must drive by, blessed by such ancient names as Saxone Shoes, Double Diamond and Abbot and Costello.

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It is in Parliament Square that transmogrification reaches fantastic heights. Unrecognisable, with only the Central Hall above the clutter. The Abbey is hidden, its West end hooded in art bathroom glass. Instead of historic stones, climactic Westminster, we see a crooked claustrophobic cardboard canyon. "This might be anywhere," drawls a sad voice behind me in the bus, "and since the film people are lending carriages anyway, they should 've been allowed to mock up the whole thing under cover in the Empress Hall, with Anna Neagle riding round. After all, think what Potemkin did for Catherine the Great!"

The problem of cheering processions always worries me. Once so vociferous a nation, we are now apt to fall into shy silences as processions go by. Outside the palace, when you're geared up for it, yes. But on the route, giraffe-like, watching so hard, we let out only cautious shouts. Perhaps cheerleaders, revivalists, ex-R.S.M.s, could be planted strategically to help. Last time, anyway, I remember thinking the route too thinly lined; of course there was a bus strike, uncertain weather and much scare talk by the police, who had been badly caught by the old King's funeral disorders. It's easy to frighten people away. Better a few broken ribs than a "thin house." But this time in spite, indeed oddly enough because, of television, there will be crowds unparalleled, or so they say. TV, even more than champagne luncheon, is the bait thrown in with those seats going begging in the Agony columns and every day getting cheaper—down in the ten and five guinea bracket already. The one place, said a gloomy peer, you won't see anything is in the Abbey.

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The heat has brought us out in shirt sleeves (a recent revolution in our manners, this; men used to sweat it out in tweed coats). You can always tell an Englishman by his linen, it used to be said—by Ouida perhaps. You still can! Do our visitors, comparatively so immaculate, mind our grubbiness, one wonders? Is there disgust and resentment concealed behind those white macs from Norway, those fawn gaberdines from Texas? Or do they take it, dirt and all, as part of the risk—like London food? For transatlantics, who eat horribly at home, washing down hot lobster with iced malted milk and smoking in between, I will not weep. But my heart went out yesterday to two really greedy-looking Belgians staring aghast at the bruised salads across the moving belt of the Serve-Yourself. But where *are* all the Americans? So long now one has thought of this Coronation as being staged specially for them; I had expected droves, coveys, schools, brash cuties, big businessmen, big blue-haired mommas. All I find is a few stragglers, puffy with fatigue and fright, lost already ten paces from the Savoy, badgered by street photographers (what constitutes a nuisance, incidentally?) swamped by Bank Holiday red necks. "What do you think of London?" I ask, journalist fashion. After a pause, the pondering Yankee says: "I guess we'd never expose foodstuffs the way you do over here." Surprising reply. Not a word about wonderful policemen, or Princess Margaret. Perhaps, like the exotics, the Americans are biding their time, hiding away, "resting up." Where though? Paris? What about all those stories of Americans overfilling accommodation right down to the coast, Bognor, Isle of Wight, God wot? Awful thought: have the Americans been frightened off—by misapprehension? A Baptist minister's wife, met in Seattle recently, opined that she'd just love to attend the Coronation, but guessed those *robes* were just too dear for *her*. A sort of host's neurosis assails me as I seek Americans in vain; lost in the party, have they all left, already, angry, exploited, cheated of iced water, charged three pounds for haircuts (I read somewhere)? No, more likely they are just submerged, like so much else in the vast Bank Holiday tide, now ebbing out in dense waves of aertex, over the still brilliant verdure of the Park.

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Yet a few streets off the route and a true, hot-London-Whit-Monday mood prevails. A copper and a yawning cat; otherwise the silence of the grave, broken only by the tap of a hammer where Long May She Reign is being lazily tacked atop the Local. Trade there, they say, has not been much out of the ordinary. People spend most on Fridays; by Monday, Whit or not, there is a big falling off. As for Coronation Specials, as far as I could gather there has not been much in the way of that preliminary self-denial or nest-egg cracking, such as occurs at Christmas. "Ask me," says the publican, "people won't have the *money* by next Tuesday to make it worth me while to stay open!" But he will. For one thing there's always the telly; a feature of this house as of many in the neighbourhood. "Will anyone be able to come and see it?" asks a lady with a Reid's stout in hand. Oh yes, though only inviteds for the actual crowning in the morning, she is told. Odd but not irreverent, the little gathering at noon here. It is a bar parlour capable of reverence. Indeed it would make angels smile (or weep) to come in of a Sunday night and see the patrons peering in a puzzled hush at Ibsen on a twelve-inch screen. Though I myself regret the automatic piano which once gave the place a loud, bracing tone.

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How many people in all will see the Coronation via the cathode tube? Two million sets (not counting Holland, where they see almost better than we do) and ten people to a set; already half the population. Which, if you think of it, gives Richard Dimbleby quasi archi-episcopalian status.

"Four perfect seats plus Kensington flat sleep four for up to seven days" cries a last minute Agony. How particularly exhausting *that* sounds! But exhausting, for one and all, it is bound to be. *And* worth it! History, of which we have had such a dose, can take such dreary shapes. Here at least it come with trumpets. As the hot Bank Holiday subsides and silence falls, a muffled throbbing steals over the hot asphalt-smelling, sleepless roofs and stilled laburnam groves. My own romantic heart, or drums—or thunder? O may the weather hold!

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

RABBITS TO THE RESCUE

[Testifying to reduced circumstances . . . is the recent Court concession . . . permitting robes trimmed not with the traditional ermine but with rabbit skins. —*Duke of Windsor in* SUNDAY EXPRESS.]

The shadow falls on castle walls,
The House of Lords fears abolition,
The hard-up Lord cannot afford
The costly ermine of tradition.
Blow heralds, blow! The Court has made concession!
The case is met and all Debrett can join the State procession!

This timely word is gladly heard
By those who stately homes inhabit—
Pure miniver, a precious fur,
Gives place to unassuming rabbit.
Blow heralds, blow! Bringing joy to hearts baronial,
The rabbit skin its place will win in royal ceremonial!

The coronet in pinchbeck set
Is sought by Barons short of money,
And none bewail the ermine tail
When they can substitute real bunny.
Blow heralds, blow! When the Robes of State are fitted,
No Duchess sighs, no Countess cries, now *lapin* is permitted!

Pride is not lost with lower cost,
A Duke's a Duke though stripped of ermine,
While rabbit worn by peers high born
Becomes itself ennobled vermin.
Blow heralds, blow! By the Marshal's regulation,
The rabbit breed supplies a need and decks the Coronation!

All may possess the full Court dress,
No lack of fur the splendour dimming,
In robes attired, bought, lent or hired,
Of crimson pile with coney trimming.
Blow, heralds, blow! As the grand procession passes,
The gorgeous sight fills with delight the lower-middle classes.

How London cheers the red-robed peers!
Despite all Socialist endeavour,
Long must they wait the classless State—
The British love a Lord for ever.
Blow, heralds, blow! And hearken, Knightly Orders,
Now bunny fur is *de rigueur*, as rabbit-ermine borders!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Two books providing for the ordinary man and woman a most concise and explicit examination of modern methods of birth control. Offered together with details of a Special Offer for Coronation Year. —Advt. in *Exchange and Mart*. (G. Steedman.)

In February, Prince Charles solemnly shook hands with officials at King's Cross Station and copied the Queen's every gesture.

He showed the first signs of acquiring a grand manner. On being introduced to Mrs. R. G. Casey, wife of the Australian Minister for External Affairs, he said, "Surely we have met before. I never forget a face."—*News Chronicle*. (E. M. Moyle.)

Children will be stamped on the wrists with indelible ink to prevent them getting more than their share of refreshments at East Grinstead, Sussex, Coronation celebrations.—*News Chronicle*. (F. M. Cooper.)

A House Divided

WALKING along the Outer Drive, the fashionable lake front of Chicago, one cannot miss seeing thick yellow smoke hovering over a small promontory. On this land (reclaimed from Lake Michigan, and, it is rumoured, never paid for) stands one of the vast mills of the United States Steel Corporation. Inside the mill a dense metallic dust fills the air. Enveloped in grit and dust, Negro workmen, their faces beaded with pearls of sweat and their woollen jerseys soaked, move cautiously along the floor, shielding their faces with their hands. As the white hot liquid pours into a ladle, they are busy preparing the "volcano" for the next "heat." The noise from the overhead cranes, swinging their huge electro magnets below them, is tremendous. Beside me, liquid steel cascades majestically into the gaping blackness of a waiting ladle.

The "heat" is "tapped" by the first helper of Number 30 Open Hearth Furnace, a gruelling and highly dangerous process. As he leans over a trough, which guides the liquid steel into a ladle, his head and shoulders covered by an asbestos impregnated protective gear with a wiremesh "window," he makes a pin-prick opening through which, in a matter of seconds, the steel gushes out enlarging the hole enormously. Little bubbles of steel burst in the air and splatter menacingly his protective clothing.

"Tapping" a furnace completes the shift for the first helper and his Negro mate, the second helper. Less responsible tasks remain to be done before the next "heat" can be laid. The doors of the furnace open and a deadly blast explodes against those working close to it, making breathing difficult and sweating impossible. While others stand back sipping a "coke," five Negroes appear on the scene and cautiously approach the open doors. They peer at the glowing walls, their eyes shielded by blue safety goggles which give them a strange "man from Mars" look. Known as "cinder snappers," they must lay a new "bed" for the furnace to prevent the next "heat" from boring its way through the hundreds of flues which come up from below (known as the "kitchen") and bring compressed hot air to the furnace. All this presents a dangerous routine which is hardly broken by the common talk of sex, beer, baseball and fishing lore among the men. Less common in industry, and perhaps less accepted, is the presence of as many as three thousand Negro steel workers in this mill.

The movement of large numbers of Southern rural Negroes to the industrial centres of the East and the North is a comparatively recent development, dating from 1917, and has contributed to the problems of assimilation of the many ethnic groups who make up the "melting-pot" of America's heterogenous society. Hundreds of thousands of Negroes have moved to the North in search of higher wages, greater occupational opportunities and more personal freedom, although the birth pains of a Federal Fair Employment Practices Bill remain acutely evident. The severe depression of the '30s, which hit hard the precarious economy of the Southern states and, incidentally gave birth to the New Deal, also brought into being the Congress of Industrial Organizations, which soon established itself as champion of the mass production worker and the growing number of Negroes who drifted into Northern industry.

With the gradual recession of the depression, more Negroes became co-workers with Whites in a number of trades traditionally closed to them. The C.I.O. inserted anti-discriminatory clauses in its constitution and bye-laws. In its bargaining with the Steel, Electrical and Automobile industries, it insisted on non-discriminatory practices of hiring and conditions of employment. It employed many ably qualified Negroes and spent large sums of money and much time on research studies and educational programmes dealing with Negro assimilation into the industrial and social life of America.

On the surface, harmony between Negro and White workers seems to prevail. The common dangers to which steel workers are exposed have a strong unifying effect. Union activities and offices, work and even leisure activities appear to be shared with a sense of equality and dignity. Some Negroes have been elected shop stewards and "grievance men." My Negro friends rarely missed the meetings of "Local 65." They readily spoke up on matters concerning conditions of employment, wages, social services and union business. Few Negroes however dared to expose acts of prejudice and bigotry for fear of being called a "Communist," a popular accusation against those working in the field of Negro-White relations. To many of the grievances of Negroes the C.I.O. remains silent and passive, believing that the best course of action is confined to stimulating legislative action and educational programmes—two procedures which figure largely in the attempt by the C.I.O. to organise the Southern industrial and agriculture worker.

Work on the furnaces is sometimes conducted in mixed "gangs," although positions of responsibility (particularly white-collar administrative posts) are never offered to Negroes. Negro and White workers mix freely in their lunch hour and in the washrooms, using the same showers, but never in the local beer "joint". Some White workers insist that they have liberal ideas and point with self-satisfied pride to the communal use of the drinking fountain. Others demonstrate the absence of friction by their dispassionate and slap-happy mood. Overtly derogatory and abusive name calling is seldom heard in mixed company. But a coloured man is always referred to as a "nigger" in discussions among Whites only.

Yet severe conflict and much latent hostility are apparent to all participating thoughtfully and intimately in both "camps." Behind the necessity of mutual co-operation lies deep-seated suspicion. White workers view with alarm the increasing number of Negroes moving into mass production industries. White resentment is linked to their own difficulties in leaving the manual labour market and rising to the managerial group. A White steel worker told me that "the niggers will drive us out of our jobs," and that "their standards are so low, they demand less." Neither objection can of course be sustained, yet they clearly perpetuate basic principles of prejudice and discrimination. They also point to the economic basis of racial conflict. The fear that too intimate an association with Negroes will eventually lead to social, cultural, and above all biological assimilation, has given renewed force to the feeling of "Equal But Separate."

Reversely, similar fears and prejudices abound, although one is inclined to pay much less attention to it. To the prejudiced, the Negro may appear as carefree. Few recognise his cynicism and his need to be on the defensive. As one Negro told me, "They are always trying to *do* us." Last year's riots in Cicero confirm their fears that, when such riots occur, the local police promptly and effectively take the side of the thugs and the hooligans. Negroes feel that they are being "used" for tasks which Whites consider beneath them. In point of fact many of the hottest and toughest jobs were done by Negroes in the mill. At the "cold end" of the steel, Negroes were conspicious by their absence. A quiet inward revolt guides many in their relations with Whites and contributes to innumerable subtle tensions. As second-class citizens, their readiness to challenge prejudice and ignorance remains somewhat dampened; a disposition which ecological confinement and social disadvantage produce. After the recent war many Negroes returned home filled with hope for a better life, only to have it chilled by bitter disillusionment. Many asked serious questions about their "unalienable rights" and the "self-evident" truths. To meet the demands of American society, which are hard to resist, many Negroes spend their wages not on better housing and better education, where decent standards are largely denied to them, but on flashy cars, expensive T.V. sets and showy clothes.

American Negroes are taking an ever greater part in the national life. Yet the pains which result in trying to implement the American dream for universal human happiness remain severe. As the years pass and America sheds the ruthlessness of her industrial revolution and embarks on an era of social integration and moral stock-taking, it will become increasingly evident that Abraham Lincoln's warning, "A house divided against itself cannot stand" remains as timely as ever.

PETER GUTKIND

The Plant Builders

WE hear a lot these days about such things as tractors and fertilisers and chemical sprays. And very rightly, for an increasing proportion of our health and happiness is going to depend on these tools. But their very importance too often hides their essentially secondary nature, for of themselves they produce nothing. They are merely new ways of doing the age-old job of giving the plant a better chance in life. Now, this is the most important work in the world, for neither men nor animals can live on a diet of earth, air and water. Their frames know nothing of photosynthesis. But the plants, more subtly equipped, transmute inorganic compounds from the elements that surround them into the organic substances on which we feed. By grace of green leaves do we live, for in all nature the plant alone knows the secret of converting mineral matter into living cells. The plant, therefore, is the primary tool of man or, more accurately, the world of plants is the raw material from which he selects his primary tools.

Sometimes he has merely chosen the species of plant which has best suited his purposes, sometimes with greater care he has selected the best varieties of these species. Away back in the sixteenth century, for instance, Fitzherbert distinguished six types of wheat and listed their properties, while in the New Farming times the first formal plant-breeders in our history continued this simple principle of selection in refined form. No less than five of the most famous cereal varieties current in Victorian England were bred between 1780 and 1840 from single ears of corn noticed and sown by observant countrymen. Such work was valuable, but it was also inherently limited in scope. First, too much depended on luck, on the right man being at the right place to see the right plant at the right time. Secondly, the improver could not breed beyond his raw material. He could choose the best that Nature offered but he could only work within the limits she imposed.

In theory, the inter-marriage or hybridisation of plants offered an obvious means of breaking these restrictions and remoulding the vegetable world nearer to the agricultural heart's desire.

Indeed, the physical technique of such plant-building was nothing new. As early as 1717 Fairchild had crossed a carnation and a Sweet William to produce the first plant-hybrid in our history and Knight was breeding hybrid wheats in the 1790's. But the results were unreliable. New varieties and new species could be created but not maintained, for they showed a mysterious and uncontrollable tendency to revert to the characteristics of their ancestors.

Then Mendel showed, first, that the offspring of hybrids may be expected to appear in definite mathematical ratios in different generations and, secondly, that the characteristics of plants could be regarded as separate entities which could be inherited separately. In short, if you did certain things in a certain way, you would get certain foreseeable results. Thus was the plant-breeder equipped with an intellectual tool far more reliable than the perspicacity of even the most gifted individual. One sign of the new order in plant-breeding, therefore, was a steady and reliable flow of new or improved vegetable tools to the farm. Another, more subtle, was a change in the character of the plant-breeder. In the nineteenth century, he was a private enthusiast, probably a farmer or a seeds-merchant, who experimented in his spare time. In the twentieth, he was a scientist by trade as well as by training.

For the older men worked by flair, by a personal artistry they could seldom explain or transfer. But once the rule of genetical law was established, individual genius inevitably yielded to team-work and the collective exploitation of the new techniques. The whole trend was towards the reduction of the element of chance, towards tests in which sheer numbers were important, towards the substitution of principle for individual judgment, towards conditions, in short, which the scientific institution could provide but the enthusiast on the farm could not. As early as 1907 Biffen, speaking, significantly, at Cambridge, had referred to the "modern methods" made possible by the new knowledge, and the establishment of the Plant-Breeding Institute in 1912 and the National Institute of Agricultural Botany in 1919 provided constructive commentary on his words. The older tradition died hard, but its epitaph was written by Hall in 1942 on the death of Beavan of Warminster, who combined a maltster's trade with unchallenged supremacy as a barley-breeder; "He was a true man of science but we shall not look upon his like again, for science is now necessarily professionalised."

The general power of the plant-breeder is best illustrated by its greatest single triumph, the overthrow of the most famous of all agricultural prophecies. For in 1898 Sir William Crookes showed that both the area of the globe suitable for the cultivation of wheat and the mineral deposits which yielded the nitrogen necessary to increase its yield were limited; he therefore predicted a shortage of bread-corn for the growing population of the world unless means could be devised of exploiting the nitrogen in the air which surrounds us. Technically, he was a true prophet. Only five years after he spoke, two Norwegian scientists held in their hands a whitish powder, the first nitrogen ever won from the atmosphere for the direct service of man. This was, of course, an astonishing achievement, the nearest thing to magic between electricity and the atom-bomb, and we owe much to it. Nevertheless, it was the plant-breeder rather than the chemist who solved the problem which Crookes stated. In Australia, for instance, it was rainfall which restricted the area where wheat could be grown, in Canada it was the onset of a bitter winter. Therefore in one continent Farrer produced wheats which could manage on 12in. of rainfall a year instead of the previous minimum of 15in., in the other the Sanders produced wheats which ripened in 120 days instead of the previous minimum of 130 days. Thus were huge new areas opened to the wheat farmer and, between 1898 and 1947, the area under this crop in Canada rose from 4 million acres to 24 million acres, in Australia from 5 million acres to 14 million acres. Thus did the skill of the plant-breeder change both history and geography.

In a developed country like ours, of course, results are necessarily less dramatic. But in the aggregate they are considerable. Increase of yields? We harvest, for instance, more corn per acre than our fathers, who in turn harvested more than their fathers. For this, admittedly, there are many reasons, better drainage and fertilisers, more timely cultivations and the like, but unquestionably the maker of more efficient plants can take some credit for this increase. Protection from pests and diseases? Behold the plant-breeder producing resistant varieties. Certain new types of oat, for example, suffer less from frit-fly than their older cousins, while the only method yet known of controlling the Yellow Rust fungus of wheat is by cultivating immune varieties. New tools for new jobs? When farmers began to plant barley in the autumn instead of the spring in order to secure a better spread of work, the plant-breeder devised suitable hardy varieties. When they began to sow grass for one or two years instead of several, he bred grasses which concentrated on immediate production instead of wasting their energies on endurance. Indeed, from time to time he has created new plants for particular purposes; marrowstem kale for milk, fodderbeet for pigs, and, in its modern form, sugarbeet are all man-made jobs. And these minor economic triumphs are but examples of the pervading influence of the plant-breeder on agricultural production.

We have, therefore, received much from the plant-breeder in the past and we can expect more in the future. But we must not expect miracles. Mendel provided a map, not a means of transport, and plant-breeding is inherently slow and tricky work. There is over a century's effort behind sugarbeet; it took the Sanders a generation to fix, multiply and introduce into cultivation their improved corn; and Biffen's famous "Yeoman" wheat was selected from no less than 80,000 cross-bred candidates. Today, it is true, progress is less exacting, for half a century's scientific experience has enabled the modern plant-breeder to solve problems and visualise improvements beyond the power of his predecessors. But even so it may take ten to fifteen years before a new variety comes to literal fruition in the farmer's fields.

Admittedly, the recent discovery that chemical treatment can persuade plants to turn "polyploid" and produce offspring which contain the whole inheritance of both their parents instead of the customary half may shorten the weary journey from laboratory via experimental plot to field. Indeed, there are some startling implications in this ability to produce, at will, "sports" with a double dose of chromosomes. But as yet this technique is still experimental and the plant-breeder continues to follow the sage counsel of Sancho Panza: "Patience, and shuffle the cards."

So far, then, the rise and development of the plant-breeders. And what does all this mean in practical, knife-and-fork terms? It is very difficult to say. There are too many variables in crop-production to allow any facile statistical answer. But on the evidence it is surely reasonable to ascribe, say, 5 per cent. of the food we eat to the improvers of the plants which produce it. And 5 per cent. is one main meal a week. We should miss it if it were not there.

NIGEL HARVEY

Sons of the Brave

Now that we are committed for an indefinite future to the maintenance of a large standing army strung out round the globe, there is a more than sectional interest in asking: what happens to the education of soldiers' children? First thoughts may well be gloomy. We think of forgotten youngsters staring at the blank walls of a Nissen hut while a locally recruited governess or missionary struggles with the three R's; or of small boys marching to the commands of a superannuated drill-sergeant. A little inquiry shows, however, that it is not like that: not like that at all.

The Army claims to have preceded even the Church in providing free education. The first schools, true, were merely crèches in which the little varmints, whom wives and other ladies insisted on dragging round the Peninsula, were kept in order and out of reach of father's musket. Then came the idea that the Army owed an obligation, in the early years primarily, to the Sons of the Brave. This sincere if novelettish term referred to orphans of men killed in battle. They were to be fitted, if possible for the Service, and at all events for an honest and useful trade. In this century the Army has set itself to give its daughters as well as its sons an education equal to that offered to other children by the nation.

Since the Butler Act, Army schools in this country have been transferred to local education authorities, although schools in garrison towns retain a certain military tradition. But overseas there are 158 schools, properly called Services Schools since the Navy and Air Force no longer maintain separate systems. In Germany there is a Board of Governors on which the Control Commission and the Ministry of Education are represented as well as the Forces. This arrangement would be unduly cumbersome elsewhere; but throughout the world the schools are regularly visited by H.M. Inspectors, and teaching methods and curricula meet the demands of the normal external examinations.

The schools, too, are of the familiar type—primary, secondary modern, grammar and technical. That is the theory; but it only works fully in the large military areas—Germany, Egypt, Malaya. In the smaller stations you would find a Modern school with a Grammar section; and this apparent makeshift gives the advantages of the comprehensive school. For children whose abilities develop late can be switched to Grammar work at a higher age than the famous eleven-plus. In some places not even a Grammar section can be provided, and the Services therefore maintain Grammar and Technical boarding schools. There is one in Malaya, for instance, which would fit the case of a boy whose father is serving in Borneo. Or he could return to England and enter a Grammar school in his home county. The figures show that the Army child has a better chance of advanced education than any but the luckiest of his civilian cousins; and this is due as much to extra attention "beyond the line of duty" to individual needs as to better provision of places.

At the bottom of the scale there are all-age schools. I talked to one teacher who had been in sole charge of nineteen children, aged between four-and-a-half and thirteen, at Benghazi. However untypical, this is unsatisfactory; but it is not the education authorities who decided to station isolated battalions in such remote outposts.

A NEW HISTORY OF BRITAIN
VOL. 3
A NEW HISTORY OF BRITAIN
A NEW HISTORY OF
MODE
278
CHAPTER XII
THE NEW RENAISSANCE 1953–2003
The reign of Elizabeth II—Britain's recovery—attainment of world peace and security—material progress—the "will to achieve"—industrial relations—education—the liberal arts—the paramountcy of ideas.
JUST fifty years ago—in June, 1953—Elizabeth II was crowned Queen at Westminster. From this, the year of her coronation, date the first steps towards Britain's recovery. At long last the nation's pride, the nation's will to leadership, re-asserted themselves. The second Elizabethan age was to witness, like the first, a far-reaching renaissance of the spirit.
This revival of Britain's self-confidence found expression, first of all, in the field of international relations. The world had too long shivered helplessly in the paralysing grip of the "cold war". Little by little, this conflict of ideologies was resolved. A world order was established which guaranteed security to all. In this consummation, which ensured the survival of Western civilisation, British statesmanship played a predominant part.
Parallel with this achievement came sensational advances in the technological sphere. The study of molecular fission had so far been almost wholly applied to the invention of weapons of war. Now, the threat of world conflict had become no more than an unhappy memory, and the way had been cleared for the application of atomic energy to the fulfilment of man's needs. A wide range of new productive techniques solved, within three or four decades, the problem of his material well-being; the emphasis shifted to the encouragement of the liberal arts and the widening of spiritual horizons. "Science" observes Lord Heriot' "has"laid the foundations of a new technology, to which, in its turn, we owe the enrichment of our lives."
In all these developments British physicists—pioneers in this field from the days of Thomson and Rutherford onwards—continued to lead the way.
Such progress would not have been possible without that resurgence of the spirit to which reference has already been made. "The will to achieve" said Tybalt in his Romanes Lecture (1983) "is more than the groping of a blind instinct. Its lustre reflects the difference between the earthworm and the man. The glory of our second Elizabethan age lies, primarily, in our recognition of a dual responsibility: our responsibility to ourselves; our responsibility to mankind. Therein, in my humble view, lies the secret of Britain's greatness."
1 "Scientific Living", Oxford University Press, 1989.

Schweppes present their humble duty to
Her Majesty on the occasion of her Coronation

The first advantage of Service schools, believe me or not, is social equality. There are no separate schools for officers' children, except a few nursery schools kept up by subscription. Naturally one cannot prevent a captain or a colonel, conscious of his gentlemanly status, from sending his children to a private school; but most of them seem content to let their youngsters share benches with those of privates. There is in fact less insistence on private education among officers than among civilians of equivalent income—lawyers or clergymen or stockbrokers.

That is what one would expect: for parents do not pay fees from pure snobbery so much as to rescue their children from packed classes, antiquated buildings, and the pressure of the irrevocable eleven-plus exam. These problems bear decidedly harder on the civilian than on the Service parent. There are 978 teachers for the 14,000-odd Service children. Classes of more than twenty-five are rare, classes of forty unknown. The schools themselves are generally modern, since building is a cheaper and easier matter abroad than in Britain; and in many countries a warm climate allows a great deal of outdoor work. As for teaching equipment, it was pitifully short in the first post-war years, but now seems to be up to the Home standard except in some isolated places. Not surprisingly, therefore, teachers who have been at Service schools assure me that they found themselves working in conditions far easier, and far better for the children, than any which they had known, or know today, in England. One of them told me that her main problem in Austria was to coach the children who had come from schools at Home and bring them up to the standard of her class. This rosy picture, while it seems to be general, cannot be universal, and a parent in Singapore has written to give me a contrary story.

Army schools in the past were staffed by a special corps, the Queen's Army Schoolmistresses. This body is being gradually disbanded, but over a hundred of its members are still teaching; they are, of course, properly qualified. The great majority of teachers are volunteers from the general teaching profession, seconded on three-year contracts by their L.E.A.s. The demand for them rather outruns the supply, which is certainly not due to the conditions offered (London Burnham scale pay adjusted to meet the local cost of living, and with free or cheap quarters). So there are some locally engaged teachers—mission teachers in Africa, or persons with teaching experience who happen to be living abroad; and of these, at a given time, a dozen or two are unqualified. In some boys' schools a class has sometimes to be taken by a sergeant in the Education Corps, whose training has been in adult education and who may not be expert at handling children.

What the teachers dislike about their work overseas, apart from accommodation difficulties in overcrowded places like Hong Kong, is the irksome control by the officers of the Education Corps, who, again, know more about educating soldiers than about educating their children. The irksomeness varies from place to place and officer to officer, and the teacher can always appeal to the Ministry of Education's inspector.

The last remnant of Army schooling in this country is the Royal Artillery School at Dover. It dates back to the days of Wellington and was established for Sons of the Brave. Now it is open, on a free and selective basis, to the sons of anyone who has served in the ranks; the father may have since taken a commission and need not, in this special sense of the word, be brave. The 400 boys are divided into three streams which follow the categories of the Butler Act; once more, they can change streams at any age. Two-thirds of them go into the Army, the Grammar and Technical boys in general taking commissions; the rest enter civilian life, as labourers or as undergraduates, in the proportions you would expect. There were things I did not like about this school, but they were not on the teaching side and they were the things I dislike about the expensive Public schools which in the civilian world are associated with privilege. During my visit the headmaster—a colonel whose freshness of outlook could not have been in more complete contrast with the traditional stage colonel—stopped to talk to a boy of twelve who was cataloguing books for his house library, and who launched into a warm and effective summary of the plot of a book he had just read. "A bright lad," I commented. The headmaster informed me that this boy's I.Q. placed him on the borderline of mental deficiency. Then, seeing my astonishment, he added: "It just shows what you can do with a boy if you try."

MERVYN JONES

The Press on Everest

THE Everest expeditions of the Twenties and Thirties made little public stir, and were barely described outside the paper—*The Times*, except in 1933, when it was the *Telegraph*—which had bought the rights to the official reports. This year, no reader of any British daily can be unaware that during the past week the final assault was due to be launched; that by the time these words appear the mountain may have been climbed. Perhaps the British public really is more interested in Everest than it used to be; perhaps we have come to invest national prestige in it as heavily as the Germans did in their Himalayan exploits between the wars, or the French in their Annapurna victory; perhaps the interest is a by-product of the increasing popularity of climbing in this country. But there is a more prosaic reason than all these: Katmandu, the point from which reports on Everest can be cabled, is three weeks nearer the scene of action than Darjeeling, the point of departure for the pre-war Everest parties. Eric Shipton's discovery of the present southern route, in 1951, was incidentally a blow struck for public relations.

This year, *The Times* again holds the exclusive rights to the expedition's dispatches. It also has its own special correspondent with the party, a versatile man who has accompanied the climbers up the ice-fall, quoted Eliot from the Western Cwm, and datelined a report: Camp Four, Everest. His brilliant dispatches have brought home to *Times* readers what kind of an undertaking this is: more like war than mountaineering, with logistics all-important, so that food, tents, sleeping-bags, oxygen cylinders, will all be in the right place, and the assault parties at their fittest, the moment the weather favours the final climb to the summit. Another *Times* man at Katmandu deals with these dispatches, and with Colonel Hunt's business-like reports, which are sent down by runner for the 170 miles. These seem to take a minimum of eight days from mountain to cable-head; and the arrangements for transmitting messages have themselves become news for other papers ("Everest: Queen to get First News" was a heading in last week's *Manchester Guardian*). Yet, though barred from official sources, other papers and agencies have found it worth while to send men to Katmandu where—eyes skinned for runners loping down from Namche Bazar, ears glued to the radio for the meteorological forecasts—they have been marking time with stories about the weather, porter troubles, good-will messages, the composition of the assault parties (long before Colonel Hunt himself could possibly have decided which men were fittest), and bazaar rumours that the South Col has been reached, or that the Russians are making an attempt on the mountain from Tibet. These rumours have in turn provoked the *Times* man to remind us firmly when the last hard news came through.

The most enterprising of these newspapermen has been Ralph Izzard. True to his paper's boast that "Wherever there's a Story there's a *Daily Mail* Reporter," Izzard, after gleaning all he could as the expedition set out from Katmandu in March, then created a story of his own by following their route in April as far as the Khumbu Glacier. He stumbled among seracs, slipped on moraines, sat out a snow-storm, drank yak's milk, became snow-blind because he hadn't taken any glasses, and startled the tent-load of climbers whom he finally reached near the foot of the ice-fall. His heart thumped as he climbed at 18,000 feet; he felt elation as he descended. The *Daily Mail* did his story proud with three centre-page features, and such slap-up headlines—"One-Man Adventure on Everest"; "Nightmare March on slopes of Everest"—that it seems churlish to point out that he was no more *on* Everest than a person walking up the Mer de Glace is *on* Mont Blanc. Nor indeed did he himself claim to have been.

The *Daily Mail* also printed, on May 18, an interview with the Swiss guide Raymond Lambert, which appeared on the same day as the *Daily Express* featured the first of a series of articles by Lambert—straightforward text, sensational headlines ("Ahead Lies Agony says the Man who has Got Nearest to the Top"). In the same issue the *Express* injected human interest into the venture with a front-page photograph ("Young Man with the Everest Look") of the new-born child of one member of the expedition. The second Lambert article was startlingly headed: "Buried Treasure on Everest." That snowman stuff again? No, simply eight full cylinders of oxygen left behind last year by the Swiss. According to Lambert, the cache was "984 feet below" the highest camp; this sounds like pretty pin-point reckoning, till one reflects that what Lambert probably wrote was "300 metres." Anyway, *The Times* now says they

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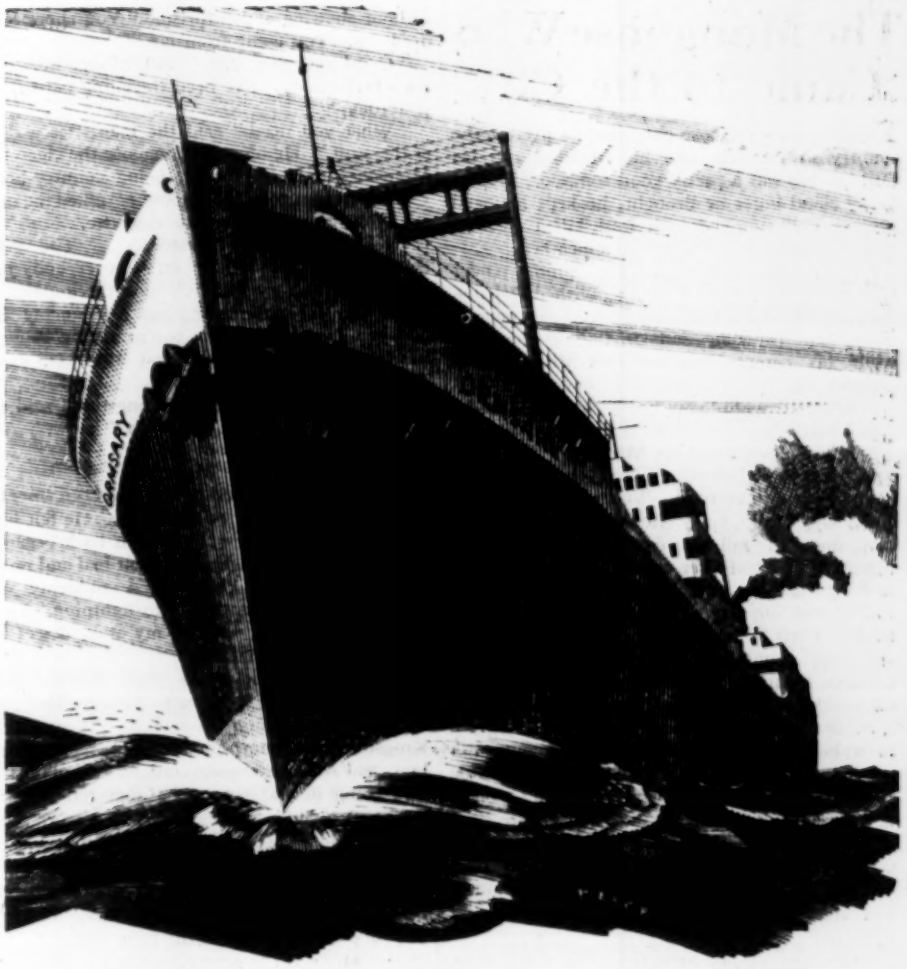
have been found. The same day's *Mail* carried a centre-page piece by Izzard about Sherpas and their rates of pay—five shillings a day and special bonuses. He also had a dispatch on the front page, and beside it was the heading: "Concern: Climbing Costs." At least one reader's indignation was roused: was this supreme moment of effort the time to talk of economy cuts? But the heading had strayed into the field of vision from the Health Service row next door. The *News Chronicle's* juxtaposition was intentional, however, when under an Everest article by Jack Longland on May 16—"Eleventh Time Lucky?"—appeared a piece about the wife of our new Ambassador to Moscow headed "The Lady who has Reached the Top."

Of wild reporting there has been nothing yet to match certain newspapers' feat in getting the Swiss within 150 feet of the summit last year; though the *Sunday Times* on May 17 made a bid to curdle our blood by announcing that the climbers had now entered "the Abominable Snowman country." The marks of *yeti* have never been seen anywhere near the ice-fall or Western Cwm; but in the brisk trade in Everest photographs conducted at the Royal Geographical Society, the abominable footprints are much in demand, and charges for them are nearly double. There have been some inaccuracies to make an Alpine Club man wince—climbers have been credited with alpenstocks, and tied together with cord, Lhotse has changed height several times, the dotted lines on diagrams have sometimes marched up the mountain at unlikely places—but there seem to have been none of those enjoyable *gaffes* like the reproduction by *The Times* after the Houston flight over the mountain in 1933 of a picture that wasn't Everest at all.

Climbers as a body tend to dislike publicity: they do not care to see their private and complex pleasure exposed to the glare of people who are likely to get it all wrong. So it is natural that many climbers should somehow feel it not quite good form that Fleet Street should have turned the limelight so fiercely on Everest. But climbing this mountain is not just a private affair of the climbers themselves; although it may contain an element of personal pleasure (if "pleasure" is interpreted in a very special way), it is essentially one of those enterprises—like the journeys to the Poles, or the first flight across the Atlantic—where success marks a new stage in what men can do. And how can other men not then be interested, and not want to know? There is a world of difference between the popular writing which makes up in sensationalism and triviality for an ignorance that could be cured by reading a few books and looking at a few maps; and the popular writing which aims to give the common reader insight into an entirely alien experience by describing it from his point of view. Izzard, the innocent on the glacier, may draw amused smiles from the knowing; but his frank reaction to the difficulties and discomforts at this level have brought home to a lot of people the nature of the struggle now being fought out ten thousand feet above.

In Auden and Isherwood's *Ascent of F6* the relation between Mr. and Mrs. A. and Michael Ransom is a vital aspect of the whole situation: the pity there was that the little man at home, fed upon clichés, could only see the enterprise in the tritest of terms. Between the A's and Colonel Hunt today there are enough bridges of information to make it possible for the reader who is quite outside the closed circle of initiates to follow the expedition with real sympathy and intelligence, to have some idea of what climbing Everest is all about.

JANET ADAM SMITH



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The Mongoose Who Came to the City

THERE was a mongoose once, and he lived in the country in Jamaica with his Mammy and his Daddy. He was a pretty good son, too. Breeze-blow, cloud-burst or drought, he kept his aged parents well supplied with fresh-killed chicken, and sometimes a fat duck or a guinea-hen.

One day he came home with a plump tender Leghorn, and they all ate it to a polished skeleton. But, afterwards, Mongoose, instead of going to sleep, kept prowling and twisting in the cave, while his parents watched him with worried expressions.

"What's troublin' you, boy?" said his Daddy. "Is it love?"

"It ain't love," said his Mammy. "It's itchy feet. I seen it before. When you get it, there ain't but one thing to do. Watch!" Before they could say, "Stop, boy," Mongoose was out of the cave, down the hillside; running fast to stop the itch in his feet. Faster and faster he went, nose to the ground, through the cane fields and banana walks, and out on to the dusty rolling cattle lands. Then he took to the black ashphalt road and kept running, not stopping at the water troughs, breathing in all the dust and dry dung till his throat was raw and burning.

At last he tripped over a gutter and rolled on to his back and sat up, his muscles twitching with tiredness. He was in a yard. Dust was blowing about in little, nasty clouds; there wasn't a blade of grass anywhere and all the houses were built of empty kerosene tins roofed with bits of packing case or even cardboard. A man was sitting on a box by the standpipe at the head of the gutter and smoking a queer smelling, brown paper cigarette.

"Good mawning, Mongoose," said the man, without showing any surprise. "You shore look tired out. You come from far?"

"Good morning, Sir," said Mongoose. "I am a little weary. I've been travelling hard since yesterday."

"What you need," said the man, "is a drag of the stuff." He offered Mongoose the cigarette. Mongoose took it politely, being country-bred.

"Where you goin', Mongoose?" asked the man as Mongoose puffed on the cigarette.

"Kingston," said Mongoose. "The great capital. The place where you see everybody in a motor car and everybody's got three pairs of shoes, one for walking in, one for dancing and one you just wear when you're sitting around. Kingston, man, where they eat fresh beef every day."

"Well, I've *heard* of that Kingston," said the man. "But *this* is the Kingston I know." And he waved his hand about the yard.

"Well, well," said Mongoose.

After a while Mongoose, who had been smoking steadily, didn't feel tired any more. He felt light and strong and careless. Then his back began to bristle like a hair brush and he felt bad and mean.

"Whee-ee-ee!" he shouted suddenly and leapt up. "I'm thunder. I'm lightning. I'm a three-horned bull. Out of my way, dogs; my name is blood-drinker."

And he went out of the yard, into the lane, all taut and stiff-legged; with his eyes flickering and his teeth going click-click. Two yellow Kingston dogs came bounding up, ready to tear him, and Mongoose sniggered, like the bolt of a rifle going in and out. The dogs ran howling, their yellow hides turning grey with terror.

That night Mongoose killed forty chickens around the lane. The next night he killed eighty further afield. The third night, up in the suburbs, he killed over two hundred chickens. The next day they ran his story on the front page.

But Mongoose was only getting warmed up. He began to go into St. Andrew, to all the doctors, police officers, lawyers and big merchants. He ravaged their chickens, their turkeys and even their dogs. He ripped the tyres of their cars and the bark of their fruit trees. Mongoose grew lean and hard as a six-inch nail and nobody knew where or when he would strike next. At night they would hear him pass on the road, his teeth going click-click, and mothers would hug their children in bed and fathers stand at the windows with loaded revolvers. They hunted him with detectives, soldiers, stool pigeons and a helicopter, but he always hid out when the hunt was on. They even sent for bloodhounds, but when he had dealt with the first one to find him the others lay down and refused to budge.

So everyone was in quite a state; and the Governor, the Colonial Secretary, the Chief Justice and all the Bishops offered Five Hundred Pounds to anyone who could bring Mongoose in, dead or alive.

About this time a man named Ananias Brown came back from Panama. He was tall and dressed in a yellow suit and blue shoes, with a green tie and a pink and pearl shirt. His face was dark, beautiful and shrewd, gleaming like bronze.

"Cho," he said. "All this fuss over a Mongoose. Watch me get him. I need the money for cigarettes."

Ananias had his own way of doing things, and one morning he ran Mongoose to earth in the drain pipe where he was resting up.

"Good-day, Mongoose," said Ananias. "How are you, sir?"

Mongoose click-clicked his teeth.

"Cho, man," said Ananias. "Why you click yo' teeth at me? I'm your friend. I certainly laffed when you chewed up the tyres on all those cars outside the Legislative Council."

Mongoose laughed. It sounded like a machine gun far away in the hills.

"But look here, Mongoose," continued Ananias. "I have a little proposition for you. How'd you like for them to give you all the chicken you want? Without you having to steal it?"

Mongoose said something very nasty.

"No, honest, Mongoose man. It won't be free. You'll have to pay an entrance fee."

"How much?" asked Mongoose.

"Only two *cojones*," said Ananias.

Now Mongoose was country-bred. He'd never been to Panama or Cuba and he didn't know Spanish. But, he thought, I won't let on to that. It would never do if these people imagined I was just an ignorant, coarse bum.

"It's a deal," he said, slithering out of the pipe. "I'll have to go to the bank for those *cojones* though. I don't have that much on me."

"Why sure you do," said Ananias. And his knife went swish.

So *that's* what *cojones* are, said Mongoose to himself. But he was already going flabby and docile, and when Ananias picked him up he didn't have the spirit even to bite. They put him in a cage at the Institute and gave him chicken and raw liver every day. He grew plump and sleek and cuddly, and everyone forgot all the trouble he had caused.

However, one little boy who came to see him one day, said sadly: "I know he killed my Daddy's chickens, and chewed the tyres off my Daddy's car, but all the same I liked him much better when he had his *cojones*."

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The Arts and Entertainment

COURBET'S ART AND POLITICS

THE immensely complicated relationship that exists between art and politics is rarely understood. There are those who merely deny that any valid connection is possible, and there are those, on both Right and Left, who believe that a work of art should simply be an election speech, that the artist should, according to his temperament, either be a statistician supplying evidence of a host of damning or encouraging facts, or be an orator declaiming the visual equivalent of slogans. The issue is further complicated by the fact that the area covered by "politics" in people's minds varies according to the political convictions of the person concerned. Politics can include a comprehensive philosophy of life or just be a concession towards the solution of a few unavoidable interim problems. One can say, however, that, except under certain special circumstances, it is a misconception to consider the artist as either a statistician or an orator; rather, he is nearer an oracle, and like all oracles will therefore speak intuitively and from the heart as well as from the mind. But it is also true that he will find new meanings, make new comparisons, reveal new facts, and, although these will not contribute directly to a specific and already established political programme, they *will* express certain fundamental human values from which that programme, its morality and other manifestations of the human-will-to-power, can naturally draw strength.

All this—and very much more—is relevant to the art of Courbet. Because Courbet was a declared and incorruptible socialist (he was of course imprisoned for the part he played in the Commune and at the end of his life was driven into exile in Switzerland), reactionary critics have pretended that his politics were nothing to do with

his art—they couldn't deny his art itself if only because of his important influence on later artists such as Manet and Cézanne; progressive critics, on the other hand, have tended to assume that his art is great as an automatic result of his political loyalty. The 37 paintings now at the Marlborough Gallery include none of Courbet's large canvases, but they are sufficiently representative of his genius to offer us the most timely opportunity of discovering exactly how his socialism was implied in his paintings, how his attitude to life was reflected in the innovations of his art.

First, though, it is necessary to clean off some of the mud that has stuck. Because Courbet was uncompromising in his convictions, because his work and his way of life "vulgarly" proved that art was as relevant to the back-parlour, the workshop, the cell, as to the drawing-room, because his paintings never offered the slightest possibility of escape from the world as it was, he was officially rejected in his lifetime and has since been only grudgingly admitted. He has been accused of being bombastic. Look at his self-portrait in prison. He sits by the window quietly smoking his pipe, the invitation of the sunlight in the courtyard outside the only comment on his confinement. Or look at his copy of the Rembrandt self-portrait. He had the humility to impose that discipline on himself at the age of fifty. He has been accused of coarseness. Look at the Normandy seascape (No. 26), in which the receding air between the empty sea and the low clouds holds firmly but with an extraordinary finesse all the mystery implied by the apparent fact and the actual illusion of an horizon. He has been charged with sentimentality. Look at his painting of the great hooked trout; its truth to the essential facts forces one to feel the weight of the fish, the power with which, struggling, his tail would slap the rocks, the cunning necessary to play him, the deliberation necessary to gaff him—he would be too large to net. Occasionally, of course, such criticisms are fair, as, for instance, in the sleeping red-haired nude (No. 19), yet no artist only paints masterpieces, and the work, say, of Constable (whom Courbet in his independent contribution to landscape painting somewhat resembled), Corot or Delacroix is just as unequal, but is far less frequently singled out for prejudiced attack.

But to return to the main problem: Courbet believed in the independence of the artist—he was the first painter to hold a one-man show. Yet to him this meant independence from art for art's sake, from the prevailing Romantic view that the artist or his work were more important than the existence of the subject painted, and from the opposing Classic view that the inspiration of all art was absolute and timeless. He realised that the artist's independence could only be productive if it meant his freedom to identify himself with his living subject, to feel that *he* belonged to *it*, never vice versa. For the painter as such that is the meaning of Materialism. Courbet expressed it in words—this indestructible relationship between human aspiration and actual fact—when he wrote, "*Savoir pour pouvoir—telle fut ma pensée.*"

Courbet's acknowledgment, with all the force of his imagination, of the actuality of the objects he painted, never, however, deteriorated into naturalism: a thoughtless superficial goggling at appearances—a tripper's view of a beauty spot, for instance. One does not just feel that every scene he painted *looked* like that but that it was *known* like that. His country landscapes were revolutionary in so far as they presented real places without suggesting any romantic antithesis with the city, but within them—not imposed upon them—one can also discover a sense of potential Arcadia: a local recognition that for playing children and courting couples such ordinary scenes might gather familiar magic. The magnificent nude in front of a window and landscape (No. 11) is an uncompromising portrayal of a woman undressed—subject to many of the same laws as the trout: but, at the same time, the picture evokes the shock of the unexpected loneliness of nudity: the personal shock that inspires lovers, expressed in another way in Giorgione's *Tempest*. His portraits (the masterpieces of Jules Vallès, Van Wisselingh The Hunter) are particular people; one can imagine how they will alter; one can imagine their clothes worn, ill-fitting, by somebody else; yet they share a common dignity because all are seen with the knowledge of the same man's affection. The light plays on them kindly because all light is welcome that reveals the form of one's friends.

A parallel principle applies to Courbet's drawing and grasp of structure. The basic form is always established first, all modulations and outcrops of texture are then seen as organic variations—just as eccentricities of character are seen by a friend, as opposed to a stranger, as part of the whole man.

To sum up in one sentence, one might say that Courbet's socialism was expressed in his work by its quality of uninhibited Fraternity.

At Agnew's there is a fine collection of Venetian paintings including a new Giovanni Bellini (?) Madonna and child, two marvellous Cimas and a powerful Tintoretto Pieta. JOHN BERGER

THE MOVIES

"Young Bess," at the Empire
"The Ring," at the National Film Theatre

At the Empire there looms what is called a "giant panoramic screen." This, so far as one can take it in, seems to be about one-and-a-half times wider than the old and a shade higher, and on to it is projected a film of the old shape and size so that feet and the tops of heads tend to be cut off. What does that matter, you may ask? Not much, perhaps. With *Young Bess* we enjoy, if anything, width.

Young Queen Bess is the spitting image—this will come as no shock to experienced film-goers—of Miss Jean Simmons. What change, in nature and looks, must be ahead of her! But here she is, between the ages of eight and twenty-five, larger, how much larger, than life. Her eyelashes, to the enthralled spectator of the front rows, must be a foot long; that provocative nose, whose royalty is more than once insisted on, measures a good couple of yards; and the eyes are two misty pools; everything, thanks to unrestrained enlargement in Technicolor, being slightly off focus. A face to launch fleets against Armadas!

Sweetness is the very marrow of her existence. Of course she's mettlesome too. That rogue of a father (Charles Laughton, a chip of the old Private Life) had handed on more than a little of divine right. She hears the chopper fall, is banished, brought back, defies him, and is banished again. Henry puffs out, little Edward trots in; Bess and he are old playmates. And then she has the consolation of a fine romantic passion for an angelic being, Tom Seymour. This can hardly be the Tom Seymour known to historians, a lying, intriguing, buttock-smacking villain, though both are high admirals of the fleet. It is, in fact, Mr. Stewart Granger; and he is quite shocked when Bess in her night-gown pays a call on him. The other, it will be remembered, preferred the early mornings in *her* room. It's a very Puritan court in all ways, and so far as I could make out, almost uninhabited, at any rate through Edward's reign. Mary's we are not allowed to see. Indeed, considering the "giant, panoramic screen" we aren't allowed to see much at all, except the few giant panoramic faces. Banishment to Hatfield means always the same distant wintry shot; a sally on the main is confined to a few square yards of deck; and the People, in whom after all even the young Bess took a proprietary interest, are confined to a murmur outside the window where two nodding retainers await her accession to power. The whole soda-water romance is Hollywood's

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Englishry at its thinnest, and the "hand-out" given to critics contained blank pages in place of the usual synopsis. Presumably even M.G.M.'s hardened synoptists found it indescribable.

The Hitchcock season at the National Film Theatre continues with *The Ring* (1927). Those who have forgotten or never encountered this silent film may be surprised by its vigour. It starts rather slowly with busker and crowd outside a boxing-booth at a fair; but the introductions are made, and things get going to a brisk tune. Here is as lively a tang of caricature as we have had in English films: what a pity it went out with the coming of speech! Expressive silence brings half-a-dozen scenes of low comedy we shan't forget—the sailor in the booth, the wedding, the old pals' celebration; all redolent of a time before the tortoise in Hitchcock got uppermost.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

WATCH AND LISTEN

IN the beginning. . . . In the beginning was the talk, and it is still at times the best programme the B.B.C. has. To be successful it needs, at the least, a man with both something important to say and a respect for language—in other words, it needs somebody of the calibre of Mr. T. S. Eliot. His talk, repeated last week, on *Vergil and the Christian World* should be taken as a model of how these things ought to be done. Mr. Eliot has the advantage of possessing a voice that is not only wonderfully clear but gives to every word, and every syllable of a word, its exact value. He does not say, as most of us do to our shame, "It's pleasant to go toer theatre": the indefinite article is allowed its full place, its separate identity. He pronounces affection, for instance, as it is spelt, and does not reduce it to a miserable anæmia by saying *erfection*. Punctuation really means something as in prose: Mr. Eliot gives four beats, as it were, to a full-stop, three for a colon, two for a semi-colon, and so on. Thus everything he does —whether it be in sound or silence—comes to have a value. With this goes the fascination of hearing a man who sees that words are not just somebody else's tools, or playthings that can be arranged as prettily as sea-shells, but can, when they are restored to their ancient dignity, express a whole attitude to life.

There are other lessons one can learn from Mr. Eliot's talk. The B.B.C. often assumes that what is said in the studio is what we hear at the other end and forgets that the listener is subject both to the weaknesses of human nature—to the idle thought, the personal obsession—as well as to outside distractions. The telephone rings, a gay moth flutters, the milk boils over, and words or whole sentences are lost. If the listener is to be persuaded to concentrate, he must have either an overmastering interest in the author or must develop so much sympathy for the speaker that he wants to understand, no matter what are the difficulties. Mr. Eliot created the essential link partly because of his manner and clarity but also because he never gave the impression that he was talking down and was consumed by a secret vanity. On the contrary, the characteristics of his style—his habit of hesitating, of taking a step back, of going round the point he is discussing—suggests in a talk that he is feeling his way and is as puzzled as the merest ignoramus. "Even those who have as little Latin as I . . ."—this sentence that irritates us when we see it in print comes over in a broadcast without any trace of arrogance.

I have given so much space to Mr. Eliot because it seems to me that the Corporation could learn a great deal from him. We all grumble at the Third but most of us have an affection for it and wish it well. Even its amateurishness can be pleasant: how refreshing to have those empty minutes that, in the Home or the Light, would be briskly filled up with a few spring-like notes from Offenbach or a caterwauling by some Coal-black Mammie from Tennessee. But the theory that all one has to do is to find the greatest expert on any subject and let him loose on the air really will not do. THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, I imagine, would not print an article by an expert, no matter how distinguished, if it were full of *clichés* and technical jargon, and the same rule surely ought to apply to the Third.

Let me briefly illustrate what I mean by referring to the more important talks of the last few days—to Dr. Kathleen Kenyon, for instance, who spoke on *Jericho Before Joshua*, a fascinating subject if it had been handled properly. Unfortunately, Dr. Kenyon was slovenly in her pronunciation—she says "partry" when she means pottery—and condescending in her manner. These defects are hard to take when they are combined with a slip-shod style—with "unique in every way" and "endeavoured to perpetuate." Or take General Sir Brian Horrocks, who addressed us in a tired voice on *A Crucible of War*. The ice-cold brain, the swift-moving battles, the fleeting opportunities—Sir Brian, on this evidence, is not a man who should lightly put spade to paper. All the more so because though I have his script here on my desk, I still do not know what he was trying to say.

Or compare Mr. Eliot's talk with a more difficult case—with Mr. Lionel Trilling's *A Portrait of Western Man*. Both were concerned with the modern dilemma and both men are distinguished critics. But whereas Mr. Eliot, while appearing to talk about Virgil, seemed to tell us a great deal about ourselves, Mr. Trilling, despite his references to Marx and Hegel and Freud, left an exasperating impression of muddle. And it is a false impression. The script shows that he has just as much to say about the modern world as Mr. Eliot—and perhaps more. It is the technique that is inadequate. His voice has no Texas charm, he slurs his words, the prose is unnecessarily complicated.

> The novel, we may say, is the art form evolved to deal with self-consciousness; and with personality as distinguished from character; and with things; and with spirit as it is conditioned by things—the novel has it as its peculiar work to make things, conditions, real to use, so that we may realise the involvement of spirit in things.

Imagine this sentence being spoken in an unfamiliar accent and as if the words were all tightly pressed together. But he can also say, "Lack of sincerity is . . . the maintenance of a personality at too small a cost." One dredges up a sentence like that and feels one's time has not been wasted. What one does not see, as one does from the script, is that, despite all the clumsiness, this should have been as important a talk as Mr. Eliot's.

HUGH MASSINGHAM

"Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard," and "On ne Saurait Penser à Tout", at the St. James's

Though *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard* is not Marivaux at his most profound, how exquisite and brilliant it is! So highly contrived yet so effortlessly manipulated! In a still, grey Watteauesque setting by Mme Suzanne Lalique the elegant game is played, a game of double constancy. At the young couple's first meeting for their arranged marriage each unknown to the other has changed roles with a servant—this in order to observe secretly the intended partner. That revealing, aggravated *amour propre*, the core of Marivaux's theatre, is rapidly whipped up in all four principals by the misunderstanding until it is happily dispelled. Mlle Helene Perdrière, as the daughter, goes most completely perhaps through the exacting little assault-course, beautifully giving out every gradation of pique on her striking face. But the other three in this amorous quartet are, too, quite impeccably subtle as comic instrumentalists, while M. Maurice Escande, the unfussy producer who also plays the father, benignly looks on with M. Bernard Dheran as his grinning son. Here in fact is complete harmony of style untrammelled by quirks of production! To see it is to understand the nature of convention in the theatre. De Musset's one-act proverb which follows, a celebration of absent-mindedness, an actors' essay in the double-take, is just as enjoyable, M. Jaques Charon, a lively natural comedian, fresh from being Marivaux's goonish valet, reappears here as the distraught Marquis and Mlle Yvonne Gaudeau plays away from him with compelling exuberance as the preoccupied Countess.

A.C.

Malcolm Arnold's Second Symphony, at Bournemouth

On Whit-Monday, 1893, "a band of 30 musicians, smart and soldierly in dark-blue uniforms and gold-laced hats, made its début at the Winter Gardens, Bournemouth, under Mr. Dan Godfrey, Junior." Two years later the *Musical Times* mentioned that Bournemouth orchestral programmes were already notable for the encouragement they offered to contemporary British composers. Said Parry, in 1914: "Bournemouth has done more for music, particularly British music, than any other place in the country." Sir Dan Godfrey was a man of wide tastes. He played Sibelius's Fourth Symphony long before it had been heard in London; he played a piece (with xylophone solo) called *Gee Whizz!* Under Sir Dan, Richard Austin, Rudolf Schwarz and now Charles Groves, the Bournemouth Orchestra, the first municipal one to be established and one of the oldest in the country, has won steady praise for its programmes and its playing. This Whit Monday it celebrated a sixtieth anniversary with music by Brahms, Bax, Rawsthorne, Vaughan Williams and Malcolm Arnold. The standard of performance was high.

Arnold's Second Symphony, commissioned for this jubilee, is like his First, a bracing, thoroughly enjoyable piece of music, brim-full of melodic fancy. The opening Allegretto, Mahlerian in cut and colour, is exceedingly beautiful; II is a vigorous Scherzo made of two sections that clash and tingle where they meet, like the paint of Albert Hall posters; III is a solemn procession draped in purple. With a shock we are flung into the Rondo-Finale, a cocky tune varied by gauche, brassy fugatos. This vivid symphony should certainly win a place in the repertory. It is to be broadcast on June 20; a score (10s.) is available from Paterson's.

A. P.

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COLLINS

Correspondence

PUNISHMENTS IN KENYA

SIR,—As the one who advocated the amendment of the Penal Code and Prison Ordinance as a means of dealing with those who are doing their best to disrupt and destroy decent society in Kenya, I am surprised that a member of the legal profession, Mr. Peter Evans, should so gladly stoop to tearing a small part of what I had to say from its context, in order to try to score a doubtful debating point. I imagined that even the least distinguished member of that ancient and honourable profession would feel obliged to present sufficient of the whole case made before presenting his own, and that he would avoid any statement that could mislead a reader not conversant with the facts. Apparently, Mr. Evans feels under no such obligation.

May I, therefore, recapitulate the facts which influenced me in making my suggestions. They are, briefly, that a number of persons—mostly members of the Kikuyu tribe—have declared war on society and have, in recent months, descended to such depths of bestiality as have seldom been equalled in the history of the world. It is impossible to refer in print to all of the foul excesses of Mau Mau, but among those that can be mentioned are the burning alive of men, women and children; the practice of cannibalism in certain of the ceremonies; and the slashing of the stomachs and udders and legs of cows standing in a pasture, thereby ensuring that the animals suffered the maximum of pain.

As the law in Kenya stands at present, the maximum sentence which can be given for some of these offences is a term of imprisonment with hard labour; and the simple fact is that to Africans of the type who can commit such crimes, prison is a relatively comfortable place and the labour is anything but hard. The mistake that we have made is to suppose that sanctions which have been found effective against our own people are necessarily suitable against a primitive and—as events have shown—a savage people. Realising this, I expressed the view that if we were to halt the wave of violence which has swept across one corner of our lovely land we must take steps to make punishment more effective than it has proved to be.

In doing so, I emphasised that I was not merely expressing my own point of view, but made it abundantly clear that I was expressing the view of a number of decent responsible Africans, who have been my personal friends for periods varying from ten to thirty years. Mr. Evans, in his letter to you, saw fit to omit any reference to this.

He also refrained from mentioning the fact that I advocated that anyone, quite irrespective of race or colour, who made war on society should be treated as an enemy of society and punished in the same fashion.

The point made by Mr. H. S. Potter in his reply to my remarks, and out of which Mr. Evans seeks to make capital, i.e., "that the standard of living is so low among Africans that it is difficult to make it lower" is one which is related to the general level of African society as a whole. Anyone with real experience of the Kenya African knows that even the better paid man spends only a relatively small proportion of his extra wages on food. There are many employers who, through the years, have tried to raise their African employees' standards of nutrition by issuing daily rations in some form or other and have had to abandon the attempt under pressure from their staff, who have pressed for the value of the rations to be converted into cash. When this has been done, in the majority of cases, the employees have reverted to their own lower standards of eating and have frittered away the extra cash on non-essentials. This problem is a long-term one, encountered among all ignorant people. That their standard of living is low is undeniable, but it was far lower before the European came to Kenya.

All of which seems to emphasis my main point, which is that it is ridiculous to give criminals in prison a better standard of living than they have out of it, even when they have the money, or the opportunity of earning the money, to provide a reasonable standard for themselves. Many are incapable of understanding that they are, in such circumstances, receiving punishment and are more mentally at sea than ever.

One of the greatest hindrances to the development of race relations in a colony such as Kenya has always been the visitor who, on the strength of a few weeks sojourn, proceeds to tell us all not only what we should do, but what we ought to have done. His superficial judgment often ignores such trivialities as population, finance, world economics, or even human prejudices, which are as old as human nature itself. Any game is gloriously simple when one is standing on the touch-line and removed from danger. The greatest tragedy of all this is that no one suffers more from these so-called friends than the African himself.

Nairobi. RICHARD WOODLEY

MARXISM REVISITED

SIR,—The basis of Mr. Strachey's criticism of Marx lies in the alleged inaccuracy of Marx's "great diagram." Now Mr. Strachey's demonstration of this "inaccuracy" rests upon a statement and two unstated assumptions, all of which are false.

In the fourth paragraph of Article II he quotes statistics on which he bases his assertion in paragraph 10 that "the curve of working-class income . . . has run at the very least parallel with the curve of rising productivity." Obviously, on his statistics—that the wage-earners' share of national income has remained at half or rather less than half of the total—the slope of the former is never more than half that of the latter. Thus, far from being parallel, the curves are strictly divergent, and getting farther from each other.

If all other things were equal, this alone would mean that on a *per capita* basis, while the *percentage* rate of increase of income was the same for employer and employee, the actual increments in any given period would be anything but equal!

However, other things are not equal. In the period covered by his figures, the population has just about doubled, and, as Mr. Strachey points out, "there has been a strong tendency towards the centralisation of capital in fewer and fewer hands." Thus we see that while fewer people share one half of an admittedly growing income, more than twice as many have to share the other. Hence it is quite clear that from a relative point of view the "share" of each member of the working class in the total of production has actually *decreased* by a considerable amount. "Absolutely" this share has probably increased slightly—but in no sense comparably with the capitalist's. Indeed, a glance at the colonies will show that less effective union organisation than our own allows the capitalist to enforce an "absolute" regress.

So much for the unstated assumption that the population has remained constant in the proportions of its class divisions. Mr. Strachey's cancelling out of "concentration" with "increased taxation" is somewhat specious, for the bulk of the increase in taxation is employed by the ruling class in maintaining the status quo, and is therefore strictly still their share of the cake!

His second assumption is extraordinary, but is apparently implicit in the general tone of the articles. It is that the unions have done everything possible, and that, in the circumstances, the capitalist system, thus "twisted" and "distorted," is not too bad. It is alarming to see a professed Socialist saying this, but it seems that he does.

Finally, if Mr. Strachey considers that the development of two World Wars and several minor ones in the last ninety years is evidence of the "extraordinary degree of success" of the type of "counter-capitalist pressure" which he advocates, I cannot share his opinion. Rather, I should think, it is evidence of grave failure in a major respect.

But surely, in pessimistically concluding that, in this age of ever increasing productivity, ". . . a degree of sustained success in pushing up the incomes of the non-owning mass of the population . . . may or may not be possible to achieve" Mr. Strachey *is* giving us convincing evidence of the barrenness of his policies, and of the need for Labour to return to militant Socialist policies and leaders.

". . . Marx was not mistaken . . .," but Mr. Strachey is.

Chesterfield, Derbyshire. GLYN DAVYS

SIR,—May I be permitted to explain an issue raised by Mr. Strachey in his third article on Marxism Revisited regarding the controversy of how much (if any) benefit has accrued to the workers in this country from the colonial possessions? Mr. Strachey claims that the "rise in productivity has been much the larger factor" in the better living conditions of the British worker as against the argument that these conditions are mainly due to colonial exploitation. Though he admits that "there is something in this argument." From a study of economic history we know that while in 1870 of the total amount of finished manufactures entering world trade approximately two-thirds came from the U.K., his share had fallen to less than one-third by 1913 and to 20 per cent by 1937. Britain's reduction in share of world trade, not only relatively but also absolutely, was due to the fact that the efficiency in production of the British major industries lagged far behind that of the U.S., Germany and Japan and her exports could not compete with the exports of these countries in world markets. In spite of such a heavy reduction in exports, the standard of living of the British worker did not fall but continued to rise. How was this possible?

It was only possible because by getting cheap foodstuffs from the colonies during the period 1918-39 Britain could maintain favourable terms of trade. Together with such a policy she devised the Imperial Preference system by which she was guaranteed a larger share in her colonial markets at the expense of increased misery of the colonial people, who were not permitted to buy cheaper products from Britain's competitors—for example cotton piece goods from Japan. Further, Britain has for long been a dollar deficit country, and it has been claimed by British economists that there was a sort of triangular movement of exchange by which the British dollar-earning colonies had a surplus with the dollar area, while they had a deficit in their trade with U.K. and Britain joined the link by supplying her colonies sterling in exchange for their dollars. But what is conveniently overlooked is that these colonies were not free agents to purchase goods from the cheapest market and so take advantage of "comparative costs." A British colony "had" to buy from the U.K. even though it could have bought the same commodity more cheaply in the U.S. with its dollar surplus, because the efficiency

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of production was far greater in the U.S. than in Britain. Thus while for the U.K. such restrictive methods meant better living standards and increased employment for the British workers, in the colonies this meant worsening of conditions all round. Clearly the British worker gained through Britain's colonial exploitation and not through increased efficiency in production.

What has happened since the war? Mr Strachey implies that such colonial exploitation is now a thing of the past. The true position is that the British colonial possessions as a group have been net contributors to the so-called sterling-dollar pool, and their sterling balances in London have risen from £495 million at the end of 1946 to £1065 million by the end of 1952. One authority has estimated that between 1946 and mid 1951 the total British capital that went to overseas sterling area as a whole was £900m., and it is doubtful whether half of this amount went to the colonies. During the last year and a half not much overseas investment has taken place. Thus the colonies are net lenders to Britain. This means that in spite of the extremely low subsistence level which the colonies have, they are being forced to export a substantial part of their national income to maintain high standards of living here. Such a policy has meant a strong inflationary tendency during the last few years in these colonies and the spiral has been checked only thanks to a ruthless administrative policy of keeping wages down in face of rising prices. Moreover the so-called triangular system of exchange no longer works even in its distorted sense. Malaya alone earns more dollars than the whole of the British Empire put together, and the British exporter, whether of machinery or most consumer goods, would find his exports to Malaya considerably reduced were the Malayans free to buy from the cheapest market with their dollar earnings. No sir, it is Britain who buys machinery to modernise her plants, buys food for her population, raw materials for her factories, and medicines for her hospitals, from the cheapest markets with the Malayan dollars. The Malayan can take what is offered by the inefficient British industry or nothing at all.

NASIR AHMED

SIR,—Would Mr. Sorensen consider the alternative possibility—that it is not the theological fundamentalists who keep the Devil to justify Hell, but the Devil who keeps the theological fundamentalists to discredit Heaven?

RICHARD HOPE

THE ECHOING GROVE

SIR,—As a mere reader (untroused I must admit) of *The Echoing Grove*, I write to express complete agreement with Kay Dick's letter of last week. Surely there should be more to a review than an ironic display of personal prejudice, however wittily presented? When the reviewer finds herself very much out of sympathy with the outlook of the novelist there ought to be room on this account for a discussion of the more technical aspects of the work under critical fire. I enjoyed the book so much that I began it again immediately after my first reading and was filled with admiration for the brilliance and subtlety of the style. This apart, however, the book seems to me to embody the very opposite of the squashy marshmallow emotional indulgence which Honor Tracy castigates; it has its reticences and a seldom-found objectivity and rarely can painful experience have had so genuine an expression. I may say that my opinion is shared by friends who are not addicts of novels written by women.

JUNE BARRACLOUGH

SIR,—May I protest against Kay Dick's "ethical" protest? Is it wrong to lose one's temper with a book? Are readers children, that they should suppose a critic can ever be impartial? Of course he has a bias; the choice lies between letting it flare out so that the reader can discount it, and letting it smoke from under the dead leaves of a pretended fairness. Certainly one does not *rely* on a peppery critic. But who suggests that a critic is there to be relied on? He exists to give the reader some idea of whether a book is likely to interest him. The reader knows his own habits, and often proceeds by opposites. No doubt it is wicked to injure people willingly. But a cross review usually arouses interest, and cannot mislead anyone except those unfortunates who only read one paper. And in their case the business can be done much more surely by the usual methods—"promising," "carefully written," "his next book may well be worth reading." Of course, the Perfect Reviewer would be wholly dispassionate. But the pretence that one already *is* the perfect reviewer, when sustained over years, is bad for both the style and the judgment.

MAY SCRUTTON

UNESCO WITCH-HUNT

SIR,—May I refer to the letter on this subject in your issue of May 9? Your readers may be interested to know that the Unesco Staff Association is not alone in its struggle. In the autumn of 1952 the staff associations of the United Nations and of several of the specialized agencies established the Federation of International Civil Servants' Associations (F.I.C.S.A.) to take joint action on all matters concerning the status and conditions of employment of international civil servants. The staff associations of all the major agencies are now members of the Federation.

The Federation has not so far made any public statement of its views on the status of international civil servants because it believes that the best results can be achieved by discussion with the administrations of the various agencies. A statement of our views was sent to the Executive Heads of the United Nations and the agencies several months ago. The Federation is now obtaining advice from recognized experts in international law on the whole question of the status of international civil servants, with a view to submitting their opinion to the next session of the General Assembly of the United Nations.

The Unesco Staff Association has from the outset been one of the most active member associations of F.I.C.S.A., which entirely supports it in its fight against witch-hunters.

Geneva. JAMES L. MOWAT

MADONNA AND CHILD

SIR,—I am happy that your note about my "Madonna and Child" on the Convent of The Holy Child Jesus in Cavendish Square appeared in your London Diary, and was not a comment by your little boy-critics who weekly wet their beds in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Your commentator makes an error in attributing to me the atrocious carvings on the B.B.C. building.

JACOB EPSTEIN

BANNED BOOKS

SIR,—I should be glad if you would correct the statement in a recent issue that I am a convert to the Roman Catholic Church. I am not only not a convert, but not in the least likely ever to become one; *pace* my "Catholic" novel, *Late Have I Loved Thee*—which was an entirely objective piece of work—I should like to see Christianity *liberated* from the Church, in *all* its denominations.

I can only conclude that my last novel, *The Fields at Evening*, was banned in the Irish Republic because it states the case for the unmarried mother—though as the Catholic Church is opposed both to abortion and to suicide (in which opposition they have the full support of unbelievers such as myself), which are the alternatives given in this particular story, the banning of a book which comes out on the side of life is, to say the least of it, illogical.

London, S.W.19. ETHEL MANNIN

DENTON WELCH

SIR,—I have been asked by the Literary Executor of the late Denton Welch to prepare a selection of his letters with a view to future publication. I should be most grateful if anybody in possession of such letters would allow me to see them; the greatest care would, of course, be taken of all material submitted, and any which seemed suitable for inclusion would, with the owner's permission, be copied, and the originals returned immediately.

JOCELYN BROOKE

Ivy Cottage, Bishopsbourne, Nr. Canterbury, Kent.

Books in General

MR. CYRIL CONNOLLY is first of all a personality and a wit, indeed he is several personalities at odds with each other and rolled into one. There is the impresario of letters, the perfectionist, the satirical impersonator, the meteorologist foretelling the depressions, remembering good summers; the satirist, the comic writer, the wilful critic, the battered humanist, the case. Extravagantly gifted, he is also extravagantly despairing; he is caught, to use his own phrase—and, of course, it is romantic and French—between *tout ce qui se résumait en ce mot : chute*, and the torturing knowledge of "the permanence of all art that is beautiful and intelligent"—and he has the two-edged gift of being able to buy himself a respite with a brilliant image or a phrase. Like other romantics and perfectionists, like other hedonists, too, his imagination exhausts the will before it can operate. There is always something bizarre and fragmentary in all his collections.

In *Ideas and Places** Mr. Connolly has collected many of the editorial comments he made from month to month in *Horizon* from D-day onwards. This is weather reporting and the weather is bad. This is the way the literary reviews came to an end in England, and it is not with a bang. There is a warm portrait of Logan Pearsall Smith, where he is wise; an essay on surrealism, where he is instructed, and another on Propertius, scholarly, fervent and sad. Even better are the traveller's impressions of New York, Switzerland and the Dordogne, and sudden, satirical impersonations like the notorious *Letter from a Civilian* and the suicidal *In Jugular Vein*. He has added the replies to the *Horizon* questionnaire on the thoroughly lost cause of the economic crisis in literature. The inquiry led nowhere and has become out of date. Our claims have become so high or so low that they are meaningless. We are now all trying to believe that our troubles lie in our characters and the tragedy of the collapsing middle class in this generation is that it has long lost the once exhilarating taste for character-building. The economic despair fits in, of course, with Mr. Connolly's fighting defence of aestheticism, art for art's sake, bourgeois formalism, frivolity and the belief that the proper end of life is art. Frog-marched into the dock, he is out to give as much trouble as possible. Not *Pravda* nor the Catholic Church can hold down the battered humanist, quick with his ridicule and the noble phrase. His line is the very effective one of being the great incurable who can make circles round the welfare officer. His weapons against what he calls the world of "inflationary decadence" are the right to personal peevishness, complaint, sadness and disappointment which rises from the irredeemable and dreaming little wastrel inside us. This sort of thing sounded tragic in an ascetic like George Orwell; in a hedonist it is more malicious, and aims at the official dread of ridicule.

Men of strong satirical wit are experts in half-truth. All the way through Mr. Connolly's comments, even where one is agreeing with him, one is conscious that he is standing on imaginary ground. "The pre-requisites of art are freedom to travel and enough to eat": yet travel has meant nothing to many artists—arguably it ruined D. H. Lawrence—others know that it disperses their powers. Then the belief in art for art's sake as a faith—surely it is a method, a working paradox. The pure, total or perfect artist is a fiction which may have value for the writer when he is working; but since the times have rarely been propitious, it has quickly led to that perhaps noble but sterile dream of art which has been the opium of so many writers. Out of even the disgusting world he lives in the writer must make what he can. I do not fear Mr. Connolly's despair about our culture, indeed most of us feel waves of this despair; but it is a terrible thing if this spreads to a rhetorical despair of our condition. Does Mr. Connolly now hold to this analysis :

> One can perceive the inner trend of the Forties as maintaining this desperate struggle of the modern movement, the struggle between men bereft of religion, deserted by the pleasant imaginings of humanism, and the blind fate of which he is now so expertly conscious that if we were to close this last Comment [of *Horizon*] with the suggestion that everyone who is reading it now may in ten years' time, or even five, look back to this moment as the happiest in their lives, there would be few who would gainsay us. "Nothing dreadful is ever done with, no bad things get any better; you can't be too serious." This is the message of the Forties from which, alas, there seems no escape, for it is closing time in the gardens of the West and from now on an artist will be judged only by the resonance of his solitude and the quality of his despair.

Mr. Connolly may be right, but the pedal is down in that last sentence which seems to me to come from the Bohemia of the mid-nineteenth century.

If I prefer Mr. Connolly where he is not talking at large, but when he is using his gift for definition in criticism and even more in his satirical or comic extravagance, it is because he has left the lotus shore of literature and is working. The wonderful, impudent but not unjustified shamelessness of the *Letter from a Civilian* was excellent writing. The verve of

> some time in that long year middle age flung youth's last belongings out of the room that for the next fifteen years it was going to occupy. Locks of hair, teeth, kisses, memories and hopes; all perished during those slow months when the scurf thickened on our collars and the bald patch shone like a rubber stamp. . . .

Or

> Your practical little girl-friend—for that is what your tank had become—picked you up and carried you out of harm's way to the fleshpots of Tunis.

The long essay on New York contains all his virtues: speed, clarity, the wit of the images, the dart of epigram, his mirage-creating power, the sensibility to climate in persons and places.

> Wit and wisecrack, not art, are the thorny flowers on the rocky island, this concrete Capri.

Or

> Courage, humour, hard work and the affectionate co-operation of uncles and cousins make endurable the darker side [of American life]: sickness, insolvency, hang-overs, death and Mother. Seldom has a more harmless or profitable philosophy of life been evolved, a more resolute opponent of art, remorse and introspection, or one further removed from the futile European speculation about the Soul or the Past, the moping about sin and death, the clinging to moribund methods, ideas, the pangs of ennui. . . . But the end? After 60 where do old people vanish? Why are the bustling battalions of unwanted Moms so elegantly pathetic? And the rich who have pocketed their winnings, why are they so glum?

We see the influence of Auden:

> And what is this "way" in reality but forty years' drudgery in an office while the divorced wives play bridge together and the children drift apart. . . . Why after midnight do so many Americans fight or weep? Grown up while still a child, middle-aged at thirty, a boy only among his cronies at the golf course or the lunch club, coffined or cremated at 63, the American business male with his forceful, friendly, unlined face carries within him a dust-bowl of despair which renders him far more endearing and closer to Europe than his dutiful efforts to conceal it.

And the European returns to "his grizzling circle of hypercritical friends."

Unfair? Of course. But Palinurus has mellowed. He is even sometimes wise. He knows the internal enemies of the artist, and if he is too egoistically attached to the lamentable case, he is totally lacking in pomposity and can raise melancholy to the comic or the fighting pitch. One doesn't quarrel with his picture of what is a bad time for writers, but only because when someone mentions culture he reaches out a hand a shade too quickly for the suicide's rope. One has got to be on the side of life, even the bad life, partly by gambler's instinct, partly because the sources of art are there. In one sense Mr. Connolly's dilapidation is a civilisation in itself; his egotism a culture. He impersonates in this book a period of our recent past—impersonates because that is his gift. He is too witty, too self-centred to contain it. He represents that part of our imagination and our petulance which is a refugee in life today.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *Ideas and Places*. By CYRIL CONNOLLY. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 16s

LITTLE LAMENT

O time of terrible elegies,
I turn aside and weep !
What image, distant while I wake,
Disdains to haunt my sleep ?

An insolence of centuries
Fluttered about a head
Whose poise mere transience does not break
Nor gather with the dead.

High head : its look now turns away
Beyond our mortal scene
But even when transient seemed to know
What all the sybils mean,

And seemed to dominate our day,
A castle of the plains,
As grey as mist, as cold as snow,
As endless as the rains,

The look of horsemen who prevailed
Against the nomad spears,
The rage and pride of ancestry,
And vain must be my tears

For one to whom the heart availed,
Whose courage was so high
That even in an elegy
I dare not meet her eye.

G. S. FRASER

AFRICA COLOURED

Survey of African Marriage and Family Life. Edited by ARTHUR PHILLIPS. *Oxford.* 45s.

Colour and Culture in South Africa. By SHEILA PATTERSON. *Routledge.* 30s.

Seven social anthropologists hold professorial chairs in this country. Five of them are Africanists. The concentration of interest on a continent which is a kind of natural laboratory for the study of social change has meant a great expansion in recent years in Africanist literature. Much of this is, of course, hidden from the general reader behind the bilious covers of learned periodicals. Here are two books (to both of which anthropology has made a major contribution) worthy, their price apart, of public attention. They are both documentary studies, but conveniently illustrate two different ways of conducting such enterprises.

Mrs. Patterson's method is, apparently, to publish all she can lay hands on that will add to our knowledge of her subject, the Cape Coloured people of the Union of South Africa. We certainly need scholarly studies, in pin-point detail, of such topics as buffer-groups in plural societies; but when, as here, the minutiæ often clog the argument and the outlines of the picture sometimes slip from the eye behind clouds of fact, the conscientious reader may grow weary. The arrangement of the massive notes at the end of the text, entailing a constant thumbing back and forth, does not make for a good reception. But if Mrs. Patterson has presented her study badly she has not condemned it to insignificance. Despite its formidable apparatus of documentation, it is essentially a modest piece of work. By its sober compilation of written materials and use, to some extent, of interviews, it has, at the very least, met ". . . the often-expressed demand for a general sociological reference book about the Cape Coloured group . . ." which the author speaks of as determining in part her methods of investigation. There is a painstaking and unemotional rehearsal of the facts of the position of the Cape Coloureds within the total framework of South African society, and an interesting sketch of the internal organisation of the group.

In an examination of the Cape Coloured people we expect to see the effect of changing racial policies and notions in what is, after all, the chromocratic society *par excellence*. To some of us on the outside, the Union appears to be loping towards chaos as it draws its colour-line more sharply. Even to fervent South African Nationalists the intensification of *apartheid* seems to partake of the nature of a last-ditch stand before the deluge. Policies of social and spatial segregation, springing from the hardening of white attitudes, must remove the Cape Coloureds from their marginal position on the fringes of the white world and cast them into the camp of the great unprivileged. Dr. Malan and his followers may know that they are throwing Coloured and "Kaffir" together; if they are perturbed at the possible consequences of their actions they presumably discount them in favour of uncompromising white *baasskap*. If one can shed one's anxiety and an uneasy conscience—harassed of late by many African events—one can have fun in contemplating the larger and smaller follies committed in the weird end of the continent. In the Cape Town Blood Transfusion Service, we learn, the blood of Africans and Coloureds is not given to Europeans, and while that of Europeans is sometimes used for Non-European patients, some European donors have objected strongly to the transfer.

Survey of African Marriage and Family Life is the deceptively simple name for three monographs which document their vast theme, for the whole of Africa south of the Sahara, with amazing economy and straightforwardness. The studies are bound together by the editor's Introductory Essay and carefully related to a scheme of enquiry into the effects of modern changes on traditional institutions of African domestic life. The project has been sponsored by, among other bodies, the International African Institute and the International Missionary Council. While its second stage, in which field studies may be undertaken to fill gaps in existing knowledge, is yet to come, this volume, representing the first stage, exploits a mass of published and unpublished material to produce a masterly general review of the complex problems involved. Anthropologist, specialist in colonial law, and missionary have combined to produce a classic.

Dr. Lucy Mair writes the first of the studies. She sets out the general characteristics of African marriage and family, and then examines in turn material from the four great ethnographic regions, southern, east, central, and west Africa. She controls her summaries of fact and interpretation in such a way as to set a model for the art of crystal-clear exposition in plain English. Anyone can turn to her account and gain direct insight into the manner in which Christianity, money, wage labour, Western schooling, and colonial administration have impinged upon the traditional forms of family grouping and affected customary ways of behaviour between parents and children and husbands and wives. There is a stale accusation against anthropologists that in their obsession with the archaic they despise and resist the consequences of the process—ugly as its name—of detribalisation. Many research workers have in fact documented this facet of African life, and if there is wisdom to be learned from these studies then it is of the kind sharply pointed in Dr. Mair's final paragraphs. Many things have gone wrong with the African family. In villages where migratory labour drains off men, sexual morality suffers a blow. Urban conditions, on the other hand, while often offering dismal slums for homes, show Africans making efforts to achieve domestic order.

> Where higher standards of living are attainable, marriage is more stable, women stay at home and look after their children, and children go regularly to school. The answer here lies surely as much in the attack on African poverty as in moral exhortation.

The study of legal and administrative problems is written by the editor. It cannot, by its technical nature, have a general appeal, but in its lucid statement of the problems of the interaction of customary laws of marriage, statutory law and religious rules, it provides precisely what is called for by the demands of the Survey. Mr. Phillips has had practical experience of the complexities he unravels with the fine apparatus of the lawyer, and what he writes is a distinguished contribution to the analysis of colonial legal problems.

The last study, as one might have expected, hesitates a little on the brink of expounding in scientific terms the theme of the effects of missionary activity, but goes on to a strictly impartial account of how the bearers of the various Christian messages have reacted to the problems of adapting their disciplines to the needs of non-European social forms. Polygamy and bride-price were, naturally, major obstacles in their path. Mr. Harries's narrative shows dramatic phases of rejection, reinterpretation, and attempts at compromise. The missionaries have gyrated strangely about bride-price, for example. When some of them finally came to the point of wanting to introduce the institution, as a stabilising mechanism, among people who did not practise it, African culture was taking a poetic revenge on those who, in the beginning, had condemned the passing of cattle or other valuables against brides as a heathenish device of slavery.

The uses of scientific research in the African confusion (which might bear the Malinowski-like title of Culture Contact, Chaos, and the Colour Question) stand vindicated by work of this kind. Nobody, on such a basis, can offer specifics for particular ills, but when Dr. Mair writes: "We know nothing of modern conditions among so important a people as the Kikuyu . . ." we may take courage from the possibilities created by a remedy of ignorance

MAURICE FREEDMAN

CLOUDS OF WITNESS

English Historical Documents. Vol. II, 1042-1189. Edited by DAVID C. DOUGLAS and GEORGE W. GREENAWAY. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 80s.

The series of which this is the first volume to be published is planned on spacious and ambitious lines. It has been designed not as just another and bigger source book but because a "situation calls for a remedy." The first premiss of the editors is that the study of history depends on evidence; the next that the great bulk of the evidence is not readily accessible and much of it is unintelligible to the great majority who can read only English. Therefore both students and the general reading public form their opinions about the past without adequate means of checking partial or tendentious interpretations. To meet the wide and unsatisfied demand for direct and easy access to the evidence, it has been decided to present an authoritative and comprehensive *corpus* of evidence for English history from *c.*500 to 1914 in thirteen volumes running to about six and a half million words and at a total cost of £52. All texts not in English will be translated. The reader will be assisted by explanations of the nature of the sources and by critical bibliographies, but otherwise will be left free to work out his own interpretations and form his own judgments.

The accuracy of this diagnosis and the efficaciousness of the remedy are questionable. In so far as there is a wide demand for history it is a demand for partial and tendentious interpretations, or, to use less denigratory language, for accounts which select and explain. What protects the public against organised misinterpretation of the past is not so much direct and easy access to the evidence as the freedom of historians to present their separate and conflicting interpretations and to challenge each other on the use and relevance of the evidence. Nor, even if it were possible to make all the evidence easily accessible to everyone, would this guarantee true perception of the facts and a just interpretation of them. To establish from the evidence what probably happened requires much technical skill: to interpret the probabilities involves assumptions and an insight which the evidence itself does not provide. German scholarship in the nineteenth century was notably efficient in the editing and publication of sources, but this did not emancipate those scholars, still less the German public, from tendentious and partial interpretations of their history.

Eighty years ago when Stubbs issued his *Select Charters* he was less optimistic about the nature of the demand, more optimistic about his readers' knowledge of languages, and not in the least shy of telling them what conclusions to draw. The present volume is lavish indeed as compared with the selection made by Stubbs. It gives us a new translation of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle in three parallel versions, the Bayeux Tapestry in plates, the whole of the Dialogue of the Exchequer in translation, nearly eighty pages of materials on the conflict between Henry II and Becket, nearly ninety pages from Domesday Book and associated documents, and numerous royal and private charters. Professor Douglas's long introduction is an admirably compact survey of society and government in a period fascinating in itself and important for the enduring quality of the stamp then impressed upon English institutions. Like Stubbs, the editors have emphasized social and constitutional history in their selections; unlike him they have been able to draw extensively from estate documents, wills, letters and private charters, thus reflecting the volume and changed emphasis of the work done since Stubbs's day. Undergraduates at least will be grateful for the translations, though some medievalists may feel that an almost indecent publicity is being given to their mysteries.

For all this and for the valuable bibliographies the editors deserve gratitude. But can even a thousand pages of translated sources be as authoritative and comprehensive as the editors

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claim? Any translation is an opaque screen between ourselves and the original, but too many of these translations are clumsy and inaccurate. The twelfth-century civil servant who wrote the Dialogue of the Exchequer emphasized that he was using plain words. His preface contains a passage which Mr. Charles Johnson rendered as:

> Get up and sit down opposite me, and ask any questions which occur to you. If you ask anything out of the way, I am not ashamed to say, "I don't know."

In the present version this emerges as:

> Arise then and sit down opposite me, and ask me questions concerning the things which puzzle thee. But if thou dost propound anything unheard of, I shall not blush to confess my ignorance.

The first version gets the tone right and conveys something of the atmosphere of brisk efficiency and candid inquiry which prevailed at the court of Henry II; the second makes the Treasurer sound like a sanctimonious Quaker. Again, any selection is necessarily hazardous, as Professor Douglas points out. But some indication should have been given of the major omissions. In terms of sources there is little from Ordericus Vitalis, William of Malmesbury, John of Salisbury, Gerald of Wales and Walter Map, none of the diplomatic treaties and none of the materials illustrating the operations of that great moneylender, William Cade. In terms of subject matter there is little evidence on relations with the Continent or on learning, literature and the growth of the schools. Attention is directed to the records relating to the structure of society and the agencies of government, largely to the exclusion of the evidence which illuminates, however fitfully, the emotions, ambitions and ideas of the men who lived in this framework. "The History of Institutions," Stubbs said severely, "cannot be mastered—can scarcely be approached—without an effort." There is indeed a danger that the bulk of this book and its emphasis on institutions will bring home only too vividly to the ordinary reader the need for effort; and he may be forgiven if he turns to the scholars who go on reading the original sources and writing their partial, tendentious and often illuminating interpretations.

J. O. PRESTWICH

THE POLITICAL CONSEQUENCES OF LORD KEYNES

Pursuit of Progress. By ROY JENKINS. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Roy Jenkins belongs to the gifted group of young Keynesians in the House of Commons whose thinking has so largely influenced Socialist Chancellors since the war. Gone are the days when a Labour Cabinet could drift into economic crisis, knowing that Mr. Montagu Norman was the villain of the piece and with only the vaguest idea what the gold standard or the terms of trade really were. Today there is a bunch of Socialists at Westminster, each of whom could walk down Whitehall and take over the job of a high Treasury official.

What impression have these economist-politicians made on Labour Party thinking? First of all, they have got rid of a lot of bunkum which used to go by the name of Socialist economics. Thanks to their lucid expositions, the Party is beginning to understand such matters as the function of the Budget surplus in a planned, full-employment economy, the limitations of redistributive taxation, and the character of the external economic problems which the country faces. Since Hugh Dalton wrote *Practical Socialism*, he and his young men have done an immense educational job. A Labour Minister now can talk to the permanent officials in the Treasury and the Board of Trade not with a sense of inferiority but as a full member of the Club.

Of course, this expertise has its drawbacks. Economists, like lawyers, inhabit a world of conventions and abstractions. Their esoteric training enables them to understand some things better than the rest of us, but only at the cost of blunting their perception of others. When they enter practical politics they are still inclined to think in terms of static solutions to tidy statistical problems, and to overlook those dynamic factors which economics excludes from consideration. Their special failing is to believe that a Socialist economy is best managed by trained economists, who regard the Budget as a matter for experts, but the future of the Suez base, the development of the Health Service, or relations with the Soviet Union, as issues which can be settled by common sense. The truth, of course, is that there is no more reason for demanding that the Chancellor should be an economist than for suggesting that no one who has failed to pass through Camberley should become a Service Minister. The idea that economic theory is in some way more relevant to Socialist planning than history, philosophy or science is pure delusion.

Mr. Jenkins, I think, is half aware of the danger to which his academic training has exposed him. This slender volume is an essay not in economics but in political economy. After lightly sketching the development of Socialist theory and practice from the Thirties until the end of the Labour Government, he leads us to some tentative conclusions on such topics as the proper role of nationalisation, the efficiency of controls in a mixed economy, and the desirability of consolidation as a Socialist objective.

Those who are intimately conversant with the internal controversies of the Labour Party will admire the delicacy with which Mr. Jenkins treats these contentious topics. The Left-wing ardour of his demand for far more social equality and, in particular, for an attack on capital accumulation, is balanced by his cool sceptical assessment of what is politically practicable. Between Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Bevan he skilfully avoids passing judgment. Only the managerial ideas of Mr. Morrison, whom he sharply distinguishes from Mr. Gaitskell, are subjected to direct, continuous and icy criticism. If the net effect is a little anæmic, Mr. Jenkins will no doubt reply that this economic training has taught him to detest any enthusiastic rush of blood to the brain, and to dismiss as demagogy any mention of a world in revolution. His concept of politics is one of placid evolution in an Anglo-American world where Keynesian economics have smoothed out the evils of imperialism and class war. Things will go on much as they are, and we can expect long periods of Conservative consolidation, interspersed with occasional bursts of progress under Socialist Governments. Looking to the future, he writes:

> The party will be asking for support for change from an already largely tolerable state of affairs. It will be asking its followers to put as much determination into working for a contingent benefit as they have done into getting rid of evils which were certain and actual. . . . Indeed, the conjectural pursuit of a long-term benefit is something which, without the weapons of a totalitarian propaganda, could only be attempted in a highly advanced community.

The British people will indeed have to be a highly advanced community in order to vote Socialist again if all the Labour Party can offer them is "the conjectural pursuit of a long-term benefit."

Having reached this astonishing conclusion, Mr. Jenkins should surely have asked himself whether there must not be something wrong with the premises on which it is based. Has a nation faced with the twin threats of atomic extermination and economic collapse no evils to get rid of which are "certain and actual"? Is not the temporary internal security achieved since the war matched by an external insecurity greater than ever in our history? Mr. Jenkins's Keynesian diagnosis reminds me of a heart specialist who examines a patient dangling over a precipice and says, "Your blood pressure is normal. You have nothing to fear."

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A SEA COAST IN BOHEMIA

Shelley: the Last Phase. By IVAN ROE. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

My Best Mary. Selected Letters of Mary Shelley. Edited by MURIEL SPARK and DEREK STANFORD. *Wingate.* 15*s.*

The time: sixty-nine days, between April 30th and July 8th, 1822. The place: a stretch of the western coast of Italy, between Spezia and Leghorn. The people: Shelley and Mary, Edward and Jane Williams, and an assortment of children; Claire, Byron, Hunt, Trelawny—all the fabulous crowd whose assembling for Shelley's end seems, like so much else in the tale, an exaggerated dramatic contrivance. In outline, then, the book is a day-to-day account of Shelley's last summer, from the time of his arrival at the fishing village of San Terenzo, where five adults and three young children were to share the cramped and inconvenient Casa Magni and Claire was to be told of Allegra's death, to the day when the *Don Juan* went down, with Shelley, Edward Williams and a sailor boy, Charles Vivian, on board.

This biographical journey has been made before: it will certainly be made again. For one thing, it is exceptionally well documented; hardly one of its persons failed to leave some record. And yet, while every mystery seems on the verge of a solution, no situation is completely resolved. But Mr. Roe's approach to his sixty-nine days is not a simple one. He distrusts, he tells us, the purely chronological method of telling a man's story, believing, as a novelist, that a man lives his life "more as it it were a manuscript greatly over-scored and corrected than as if it were a clock or calendar." He is attempting, in fact, and with some success, to demonstrate the elementary truth that any day in a man's life contains all of his previous experience. Thus, the method that he uses takes him

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forwards and backwards in time, involving both the earlier story and the poetry.

But what he principally, though involuntarily, achieves is to make clear that each age has, from any major writer, only what it desires; and here in this interesting and perceptive book is the Shelley of our time. The poet's serious admirers today see in him not a frail dreamer or a shiftless bohemian—familiar nineteenth-century views—but a man of responsible temper and brilliant intelligence, eccentric and over-sensitive, but extraordinarily consistent in his life and theory; quick to penetrate the most complex ideas, whether in philosophy, science or law—one to whose mind and interests we feel a direct response. Mr. Roe speaks also of Shelley's force as a poet not only of love but of hate; ("There is a virile power in his curses"); of his humour, so often (as in the introduction to *Julian and Maddalo*) turned on himself; of his social ability, of noting Trelawny's sharp comparison between the easy manners of Shelley, at home in any society, and the over-anxious ones of Byron.

To the special mysteries in Shelley's story Mr. Roe offers his own forthright solutions. (These do not concern such matters as the poet's readily-understood romantic attraction to Emilia Viviani, the virgin captive, victim of parental and priestly tyranny; or to the equable, charming Jane with her sweet singing voice, easily moving from husband to husband.) They are the two stranger problems: the one the "Hoppner scandal"—the parentage of the short-lived infant who was registered in Naples as the child of Shelley and Mary; the other the cause of the dejection which marks Shelley's poetry and his relations with Mary from 1818 onwards. As to the first, Mr. Roe's suggestion is not implausible that the "Neapolitan charge" was the illegitimate child whose advent caused the hasty marriage of the servants Elise and Paolo Foggi, but whose birth and later existence are nowhere recorded; though this would not explain the later scandal-mongering of the pair. That the child was no offspring of Shelley's, but a quixotic adoption, perhaps to take the place of the dead infant Clara, is in keeping with our modern conception of the poet. To the second problem Mr. Roe offers the suggestion, supported by a reading of *Julian and Maddalo*, that the depression rose, following the friction caused by Clara's death, from a confession by Mary of a former infidelity—the Hogg episode, in fact, of her eighteenth year. It is interesting, as an instance of the poet's cryptic utterance in his most direct autobiographical passages, that his standard modern biographer, Professor N. I. White, reads into the poem an opposite meaning.

Yet while we move to and fro in Shelley's thirty years, the summer of 1822 progresses; the boat is being prepared:

> We drive along this delightful bay in the evening wind, under the summer moon (the poet writes), until earth appears another world. Jane brings her guitar . . . .

Shelley sees a vision of Allegra rising out of the sea and clapping her hands as if in joy; Jane sees a vision of Shelley; Mary's fifth child miscarries; the Hunts arrive, aggressively poor, with their over-large family—and it is already the day of the fatal storm. This is the time for Trelawny to take over the tale, as he did the fantastic funeral arrangements. But we are now on the borders of a new age, in which sea shore pyres, with a Byron and a Trelawny for witness, can have no place. In life, as in literature, Romantic poetry gives way to Victorian fiction. Here in the post-Shelley, post-Byron world is the ageing Claire, a governess in Moscow; while, with the neat economy of characters in a novel, the adaptable Hogg settles down with the adaptable Jane Williams; and Mary in England with her last remaining child Percy Florence, spins out her harassed and often misguided life in a twenty-year wait for an old man's death.

My Best Mary, a selection of Mary Shelley's letters, brings circumstance to these rather Trollopean years, as well as recalling the legendary early days in Skinner Street and Marlow and Bagni di Lucca. Percy Florence is the preoccupying interest; good humoured, but indolent and unambitious, even to his mother's partial eye. It is sad—for we wish her well—that Mary's self-conscious and humourless disposition fails to invite the reader's affection. In the introductory essay she is defended by the editors, with some practical sense, but in a curiously jocose style. They make light, as a youthful experiment, of the Hogg affair to which Mr. Roe attaches so much later importance. And on page 220 they perplex at least one reader by explaining that a certain "D. Gaskell, Esq., M.P.", referred to in a letter of 1835, was the "husband of the novelist"—a fact of which the Rev. William Gaskell, Unitarian Minister in Manchester and for three years married to the same lady, can hardly have been aware.

NAOMI LEWIS

GRAND INQUISITOR

McCarthy. By JACK ANDERSON AND RONALD W. MAY. *Gollancz.* 18s.

In this biography of Senator McCarthy by two American journalists there are fifty-five chapters. Almost every one of them is a count in an indictment that would have destroyed a politician less unscrupulous or more sensitive to public criticism. For the record of McCarthy's demagogic chicanery does not begin with his decision, as a freshman Senator, to further his limitless ambitions by building a reputation as crusader against Communism. It starts with his strange behaviour as a Wisconsin judge, his violation of the State Constitution in order to run for Senator, and his fantastic career in the Marines—since exaggerated by him into an heroic war record—when he achieved fame for firing a record number of rounds in one day, though the newspaper story did not reveal that he was shooting at coconut trees. The methods he later built into a system were first tried out against the judge whom he replaced in the Wisconsin courts, and against Senator La Follette, whose Senate seat he seized.

Here, in this most useful book, the whole story is told for the first time in this country, including as much as can be published about the Senator's strange financial dealings, his relations with the housing lobby, and the curious episode in which he became the Senate spokesman of German propagandists who had tried to make capital out of the death sentences on the Malmedy killers. The bulk of the book, of course, is concerned with McCarthy as the Grand Inquisitor—a rôle in which he has achieved vast publicity without finding a single unknown Communist agent. As a study in political technique, this book fascinates. As evidence of the power of the lying demagogue, it horrifies. As the documented record of a deliberate onslaught on American democracy—it has happened there—it should be widely read in Britain. It is a pity that it is written in breezy journalese, more appropriate to a tract than a serious book. But, after reading it, no one can any longer dismiss McCarthy as part of the lunatic fringe. He has come too close to the centre of power.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

GENERAL GORDON

Gordon: The Story of a Hero. By LAWRENCE & ELISABETH HANSON. *Peter Davies.* 15s.

The Hansons have produced an extremely fluent and vivacious account of the remarkable career of General Gordon, expounding in the most affable prose his feats of arms and personal intrepidity, his eccentric character and manic-depressive temperament, his asceticism, his respect for God and disrespect for man, his sense of divine mission and the final sacrifice of his life in a hopeless cause—in fact, all his qualifications to be regarded as a saintly hero by Victorian standards and as a misguided fanatic by ours. The authors have left nothing out of their brilliant portrait except sympathy for the unhappy man. But this heartless omission is perhaps obligatory within the slick omniscient limits of modern biography. We are all nowadays such hardened practitioners of psychology that we can dissect our fellow beings to the bone without feeling a pang of common humanity.

Apart from the long-drawn-out agony of the last ten months in Khartoum, when a touch of compassion would surely not be out of place in telling the story, one might find other occasions on which to sympathise with Gordon, impossible and absurd man that he was in most of his activities. For, if the Hansons are to be believed, he harboured a tragic secret throughout life, in that he was a repressed homosexual. At least, that is what the authors hint without saying so in so many words. It is not implied that he was an unconscious homosexual, unaware of his own proclivities and therefore without a sense of guilt, but that he recognised his fondness for boys for what it was and controlled his passion only by a supreme effort of will.

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The documentation of the book is sadly defective: beyond the already published material on Gordon there are obscure references in the bibliography to letters in the British Museum and elsewhere and papers in the Public Record Office. No authority is directly cited by the Hansons to justify their diagnosis of homosexuality. But if it is only a supposition, it is an extremely clever one and almost certainly true. "Lumps of flesh" is the jocular and suggestive phrase that Gordon applied to his little boy-friends; and he used to appeal to God pathetically for help in his life-long struggle to mortify "the flesh." Moreover, the theory accounts for his hatred of women's society, his fugues into restless physical activity, and his bitter sense of frustration in spite of the success and fame that were showered on him.

Once Gordon's sexual aberration is recognised one would have thought the discovery would arouse commiseration rather than mirth. But the Hansons are so determined to tell a rollicking good story that they treat it as a great joke; and from the superior standpoint of the sexually well integrated enjoy a lot of fun at the expense of the Christian Hero's misfortune. Naturally, too, his brand of muscular Christianity is fair game. The last sentence in the book may be quoted to exhibit the lengths to which the authors are prepared to go in search of a laugh. Gordon had persuaded himself that the future life in heaven could not be one of endless leisure, since happiness for him depended on activity. "We hope, therefore, that he now has work, and plenty of it, elsewhere."

If any reader is tempted by the Hanson technique to exclude a twisted egotist like Gordon from serious estimation, let him consider a very similar character in more recent times. Lawrence of Arabia had the same short stature, the same springy walk, the same pale-blue, fanatical eyes, the same sort of military genius for guerrilla warfare, the same ascetic disposition and contempt for conventions, the same capacity to perform phenomenal feats of physical endurance, the same hypnotic power over men, particularly those of Arab birth. Both men were by nature rogue elephants, unable to take orders from the herd. Both became fabulous figures in the eyes of their compatriots, and despised the trappings of fame. The list of similarities is astonishing. Yet would anyone think it wise to treat Lawrence of Arabia as a mere figure of fun?

RALPH PARTRIDGE

NEW NOVELS

A Short Lease. By ERNEST FROST. *Lehmann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Life and Death of Sylvia. By EDGAR MITTELHOLZER. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

A Little Madness. By PETER VANSITTART. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Diary of Love. By MAUDE HUTCHINS. *Spearman.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Everyone who reads novels will recognise the phenomenon of the "literary" novel, a literary form which owes a great deal to the early Huxley.

The "literary" novel will often have writers in the cast, sometimes disguised as painters, musicians, journalists or business men, but recognisable as writers because of a nervous inability to stop talking about Proust, Joyce, and Virginia Woolf. Names like Milhaud and Dufy also occur; the conversation is marked by a—slightly dated—Left Bank pantheism.

"Peter Milton's novel," said Harry coldly. "With drawings by his new friend."

"Well," Peter murmured, pouring tea, "he's very talented, isn't he! I mean, he has a most delicate apprehension of moods and places. He's rather like somebody out of Proust."

"Why do I want to be a successful artist if the Big Nought looms persistently before my inner gaze?"

". . . I seem to watch myself and them as if I'm not really with them at all, but outside, somebody else."

I nodded. "Géley says," I began, "and I suppose the Existentialists, too, that people, judged objectively, do not, in fact. . . ."

". . . and that other healthy creature, Leda, and exuding protein, was as shocking to all the membranes of my body as if a big foot burst through the gauze curtain of a puppet show or as if a pterodactyl fell on the stage of *l'Après-midi d'Un Faun*" [sic].

These four quotations come from the four novels under review, and in each case I felt, as I read, that the reference was intrusive, admitted only in a moment of weakness, wilfulness or carelessness. Literary references are the equivalent in the contemporary novel of Sir Walter Scott's trick of reminding you every now and again that what he was writing was fiction, wasn't really true. Such references mark the soft spots, the moments when creative talent fails, when the battle is broken off, and the novelist rushes into the protective arms of Proust and Joyce who were literary writers too.

Mr. Frost and Mr. Vansittart are desperately, almost obsessively "literary" writers; they seem to have decided that half-measures are useless, and both write about writers and painters who talk about writing and painting. *A Short Lease* is a lively, diffuse, over-stylised piece about a young painter growing up in a provincial town, longing for London and Paris, fame and women. Mr. Frost has talent, and gives the impression that he hates to have it lying about; the crew should not be allowed to idle; let them polish the brasswork. *A Short Lease* seems, in consequence, more like a stretch of practice than a work of art; it lacks the unforced quality, the driving spontaneity.

This is also the case with *The Life and Death of Sylvia*, in which Mr. Mittelholzer leaves Europe again and gives a picture of Georgetown in British Guiana, and its gradations of colour and caste. Sylvia is a half-caste, an ordinary charming creature, whose life is messed up by poverty, and who dies young. Despite a vividness which Mr. Mittelholzer shares with Mr. Frost, it is impossible to feel that his story of this sad little life has what the publishers claim for it—"the significance of tragedy."

A Little Madness, unlike the other two, has a hard centre, a picture of a girl and an account of the narrator's love-affair with her. Done at the length of *Daisy Miller* or *Sally Bowles* this might have been a remarkable piece of work, full of power, snapping with reality, and with undertones of irony and sadness. As it is it has been buried in a lot of adventitious nonsense about painters and Soho pubs and a visit to the country and God knows all what, until one can only wish that Mr. Vansittart would take an axe to the book and then do it again.

A Diary of Love is the most consistently successful of these four literary novels. Its literary quality lies rather in its style than in its allusions, and if its style is a little affected, a trifle precious, this may be because Mrs. Hutchins, according to her publishers, "began to publish in literary magazines." In this book she has done a Bashkirtseff, the diary of a young girl affected by tuberculosis. Like Marie, Noel is much concerned with love, deeply involved in sex, and it says a great deal for Mrs. Hutchins that, on this classic stage, she can still give an original performance. This book has both an artificial dottiness, and that real dottiness, that peculiarity, that touch of weirdness, of the creative mind.

J. D. SCOTT

MYTH INTO TRAGEDY

Tragedy and the Paradox of the Fortunate Fall. By HERBERT WEISINGER. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

Nietzsche first drew attention to the tradition that "Greek tragedy in its earliest form had for its theme only the sufferings of Dionysus, and that for some time the only stage-hero therein was simply Dionysus himself." Can one go any further than this? Can one produce a stage-by-stage account proving that the earliest myths and ritual practices are the beginning of a chain of dramatic progression which ends not merely in Hamlet but in Blanche Dubois? Out of myth and tragic literature can one build—perilous temptation!—a complete synthesis? Such emerges as the impetus behind Mr. Weisinger's study, *Tragedy and the Paradox of the Fortunate Fall*. Taking anthropology and the Bible in one hand and drama in the other, Mr. Weisinger plans to put them together and to reveal at last "the secret of the hold which tragedy has on us." His chief clue, he suggests, lies in the paradoxical Christian conception that the Fall was not a total misfortune; this paradox was formerly located by Professor A. O. Lovejoy in Ambrose and Augustine, in Wyclif and Langland, and above all in the last book of *Paradise Lost* where the now enlightened Adam rejoices that, "All this good of evil shall produce . . ."

Mr. Weisinger's procedure is to go over the entire mythological ground from primitive times (ransacking here Frazer, Breasted, Lord Raglan and other anthropological writers) to link, with greater pertinacity than has ever been shown before, the earliest patterns of the divine sacrifice myth to the New Testament; then he concludes with a chapter on the theory of tragedy. Mr. Weisinger gets side-tracked, though, away from his main drift on to such topics as society and the artist, the censorship of books, the Hollywood Motion Picture Code and so on. When after a long time he does finally try to establish the connection implied in his book's title he uses a chemical image which seems to me to sum up very well his method of approach.

> The paradox of the fortunate fall places the totality of experience behind the myth and ritual pattern at the disposal of tragedy; it is the filter through which the form and meaning of the pattern are passed so that they can reach tragedy in their most concentrated and purified state.

That there is some profound connection between the religious paradox and tragedy we cannot reasonably doubt, but the vagueness of the metaphor that is Mr. Weisinger's conclusion hardly justifies the length of the enquiry, covering as it does in a secondary way so much ground

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already heavily beaten by professional anthropologists.

What, interestingly enough, Mr. Weisinger does do of his own is to give an existentialist appearance to the whole subject; in tracing the development of the myth of the dying hero he emphasises again and again "the small moment of doubt before the conflict is resolved," and then when he moves on to the ancient Near Eastern tradition he expatiates passionately on the theme that,

> man is seen engaged in a cosmic struggle in which he is made to face up to his opponents, that is to say, chaos and evil... He changes himself by accepting the need for what he has to do and by accepting the responsibility for what he does, in fear and desperation, to be sure, but in glory too...

This existential clarion call sounds insistently throughout the book. Yet despite a tendency to dramatise the evidence and a lack of trenchancy, Mr. Weisinger does reveal every so often an interesting critical mind: it seems a pity, therefore, that instead of treading again the tracts of anthropology he didn't study empirically some well-known tragedies and tragedians in the light of the paradox of the *felix culpa*. Perhaps, as he seems to hint, he may one day get around to doing this in another book.

ANTHONY CURTIS

SHORTER REVIEWS

Born to Believe. By LORD PAKENHAM. *Cape.* 18s.

Lord Pakenham could, one thought, have accepted the self-challenge implicit in his decision to enter the lists of autobiography. He could have allowed us to follow him through the swamps and thickets of spiritual exploration which led him to spurn the Tories and the Protestant Church for Rome and the Labour Party. To tread this path in company of Pakenham's intellectual and moral stature might have proved a profitable, if arduous, journey. Alas, the challenge is evaded; never, perhaps, existed quite as one expected. For the rejection of the Tories seems to have been no harder an exercise than a realisation (thanks largely to the combined influence of the North Staffordshire W.E.A. and the future Lady Pakenham) that the synthesis Pakenham sought "between Toryism and some kind of working-class democracy" could not be found inside the Tory Party of the Thirties.

So he embraced the Labour Party, with quixotic enthusiasm, but with a disregard of fundamental dogma which would have shocked Father D'Arcy if it had formed the basis of the subsequent religious conversion. Apparently it did not, though of the rigours of this journey Pakenham tells us too little. One evening, feeling that "all that mattered most at the centre was missing or confused or deliberately repressed," Pakenham "walked the few yards along the little back street" to Campion Hall, where Father D'Arcy proved equal to his opportunity. Less than two years later, after a good deal of intellectual boggling ("a donnish insistence on first convincing myself of the truth of every single item in the whole corpus of belief"), he was received into the Church of Rome. He tells us the questions he felt impelled to ask, some of the reading he undertook in consequence and the dogmatic answers at which he arrived. But the account—briefly told in two short chapters—gives little indication of why or how it happened, of what the pilgrimage *felt* like in its doing. So what might have been the twentieth-century Progress of an uncommonly well-furnished Pilgrim turns out to be a routine autobiography, human enough, accomplished and civilised, but no more interesting or important than many.

The Underworld. By JIM PHELAN. *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.
Men of the Underworld. Edited by CHARLES HAMILTON. *Gollancz.* 13s. 6d.

Mr. Phelan has written a guide to the underworld. Here the ignorant may learn how, without capital, to launch and put out to sea an all-but-infallible investment swindle, how to set about borrowing anything between £5 to £5,000 from a stranger, how to escape from Devil's Island, how to smash a jeweller's window and force one's way into the bank safe. Such skills are precious whether one means to employ them or to guard against their employment. The dangerous surprises lurking about us at every turn may surprise those of us who have never really troubled about these things. There are certain London streets where the grapevine flourishes and information, according to Mr. Phelan, is flashed or stored about *everyone* who dawdles or hurries by on the pavement. This is the case, apparently, with Shaftesbury Avenue; where, of course, one is on the very doorstep of geezers, grass-black boys, pussy girls, runners, chiv-men, and the like. (Readers should study Mr. Phelan for the significance of these.) But even the suburbs aren't safe. Mr. X, hurrying to catch the 8.17, is all at once surrounded, silenced, trussed, and left on the pavement. Why? Three bank robbers are rehearsing an attack to be made later in the day on a night-watchman. All this is fascinating, and Mr. Phelan takes good care that it shouldn't be otherwise. His portraits of con-men and bank robbers, especially, are very much alive. The eminent persons described here are, of course, all dead, for the underworld, like the diplomatic service, must respect its secrets.

The American underworld, according to Mr. Hamilton's anthology, is vaster, more specialised, more brutal, and even slangier than our own. These forty or so excerpts from the writings (or ghostings) of crooks seems to cover almost every department of crime and vice over 250 years. Exaggerations allowed for, the composite picture is dreadful: wholesale corruption, professional murder, gang warfare, and prison torture will make every English student thank his stars for the cosy criminalities retailed to us by Mr. Phelan. And not all, or perhaps even the greater part, of these atrocities, belong to the past. Machine-gun bullets still spatter the sidewalk, chain gangs persist, and there are such hells awaiting the criminal and the lunatic as would have brought a smile to Himmler. Mr. Hamilton links the autobiographical pieces together with a narrative that darkens rather than relieves the picture. In the wonderful riches of slang accompanying these revelations he and we may find some relief.

Sailing to Freedom. By VOLDEMAR VEEDAM and CARL B. WALL. *Phoenix House.* 12s. 6d.

Voldemar Veedam sailed west across the Atlantic in 1945, with fifteen other Estonian refugees, in a nineteenth-century sloop built for four. His banner-like title does not do justice to the quality of his story of the voyage, for an adventure tale could not be told with fewer heroics or more engaging authenticity. The whole crew, the grandmother down to the babies, are perky with humanity throughout the account. The way in which two of the young men turn the voyage into a yachting spree during one of the worst storms is only characteristic of all of them.

But the very modesty of the telling—even the occasional facetiousness, momentarily irritating but utterly true—enables the dangers both behind and ahead silently to impress their true stature. Behind lay a deportation order from Sweden, where they had been living, which would have put them *en route* for Siberia; ahead, formidable, but conquerable, ocean for 3,000 miles. The threats continuously murmur their way, the storms when they come lash their way into the narrative. And yet again the romance of the voyage penetrates—the feel of that most exciting of all sea experiences, for instance, lying at night just off a lighted shore, or the haunted days as they swept south-west on the Trades—in fact, a story in every way appealing. Mr. Veedam co-operates most successfully with the American who helped him put it into English.

Spain and the Empire, 1519-1643. By BOHDAN CHUDORA. *Cambridge: University of Chicago Press.* 37s. 6d.

The empire of the title is the Holy Roman Empire which Charles V accepted at nineteen, thereby committing his Spanish kingdom to the general defence of the Catholic cause—a policy whose long-term results were to strain her beyond her capacity. This book is not specifically concerned with the internal condition of Spain, but with the European wars her soldiers fought, particularly those in central Europe.

On these Mr. Chudoba writes with authority and an impressive command of detail. Elsewhere, in spite of a scholarly display of research sources, there are too many easy generalisations to inspire full confidence. One reads with a shock the statement, developed in only a couple of sketchy pages, that : " After the wave of religious scepticism which is known to us under the name of the 'Renaissance,' the 'Baroque age' once again stressed religious values." On political ground the book is much sounder, and is useful as a coherent grouping of an intricate period of European history.

Children's Toys. By LESLIE DAIKEN. *Batsford.* 25*s.*

In the past hundred years a formidable number of books have been written about toys; and Mr. Daiken shows evidence of deep reading in his subject. His style is at times unengaging. "From Vienna especially, as from the Scandinavian countries also, Britain has been stimulated in evolving its nursery methodology"; this is grim language to use about children's playthings. Let it be accepted that the evolution of toys has been influenced "by æsthetic and metaphysical factors", and that development proceeded from a few archetypal patterns, of which the first (global and noise-making) probably originated in primitive ritual: the real fun in toys is the ingenuity with which toy-makers, through the ages, have appealed to children's desire for something to love. Admirably produced and delightfully illustrated, *Children's Toys* contains a great deal of fascinating material about the invention of various toys and changes in nursery fashion—ranging from the simplicity of the teddy bear to the elaboration of such collectors' pieces as nineteenth-century dolls' houses.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,214

Set by Tom Bowling

It is (theoretically) possible to obtain a reduction of rates by registering a building as a place of religious worship. Competitors are asked to submit applications on behalf of the Stock Exchange, the Tate Gallery, the Savage Club, Lords, Rugby, Lyons Corner House, Harrods or Harringay Arena. Limit 150 words. Entries by June 9.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,211

Set by Carl Peterson

The usual prizes are offered for the comments of any one of Mr. Hemingway's heroes on his creator's having won the Pulitzer Prize.

Report by Carl Peterson

A small knobbly high-grade entry that contained most of the appropriate reflexes. The one character I missed was the beat-up war hero of *Across the River and into the Trees*. No one who attempted Colonel Cantwell made him sound nearly beat-up enough, though I liked G.J.H.'s " Ever met a lovely teenage girl crazy for nothing but war reminiscences? Nor me neither . . . " Most of the old brigade were, like Derek Barnard's Robert Jordan, rightfully indignant :

" Don't write about me. Not any more. I'm an un-American Hemingway hero from '41. And you might lose that nice Pulitzer." " Wait a minute, Robert," he said. " I want to ask you something." He looked pretty scared.

" I'll tell you," I said. " It tolls for thee."

Two guineas to T. S. Strachan and a guinea each to the other four entries printed below.

FRANCIS MACOMBER

Macomber came into the tent, carrying a newspaper.

" Haven't seen one of those in months," said Wilson.

" I found it in my wife's cot."

" Anything in it? " asked Wilson.

" Ever hear of a writer called Hemingway? " Macomber sat down at the table.

" The lovely Mr. Hemingway," said Margot, who had just come in.

" There's one thing about him," said Macomber. " He's got courage. Plenty courage."

" He had, when I knew him," said Wilson.

Francis Macomber looked at Wilson, hating him. " This fellow has courage. You need courage. Do think those pikes would have given him the Pulitzer for nothing? Ever ready any of his stories? "

" A few," said Wilson.

Macomber had grown red in the face. " He's the best today," he shouted. Then he calmed down. " What are we shooting today? "

" Lions," said Wilson. ROBERT J. RILEY

AL (" THE KILLERS ")

Know what it says here, Max? Ern's won a prize. The Pulitzer Prize for literature. You remember Ern? Ern's a bright boy. He must be a bright boy to get away with that. He gets away with a lot of things. Do you know what literature is, Max? But you wouldn't know. You're not a bright boy like Ern. Literature is getting the Lowdown on guys like you and me putting it in a book. Some people think that's pretty smart. Max, we ought to go and see Ern, now he's doing so good. He could improve our minds a lot. And we could celebrate. He'd like that. Maybe we'd give him something else he could put in a book. And maybe we could give him something else he couldn't. A. M. SAYERS

THE OLD MAN

Hemingway is the big writer. He wrote about me and my fish, I don't read him because I don't read anything except what there is in the paper about the ball games. They say he's got a prize. I guess it's a queer thing, giving prizes for books. I didn't think there was prizes for anythjng except lotteries. But I guess this man has to do what he does. And maybe writing books is not so different from catching fish. Maybe there are many days when you don't catch the words you want, and then suddenly the words come and there are enough to make a book and then they give you a prize, but maybe you don't want the prize because writing books is like catching fish, and not like lotteries, and no one can give you anything for getting what you want, out on *la mar* or inside in your mind . . . So I guess I won't make a fuss about this prize, I'll just wish this Hemingway good fishing.

EDWARD BLISHEN

ROBERT JORDAN

O bloody it, I wish that they would come.

He felt again for the flask that was not there, and found the newspaper cutting that Karkov had given him. He had forgotten about it. The Pulitzer Prize. I ought to feel proud. If grandfather had been decorated for bravery I'd feel proud, and this is like that in a way. It's a high honour. A high obscenity. What sort of *hideputa* can he be to land me here?

Robert Jordan tried to move his leg. Beyond the trees was the dead horse, and he remembered the noise it made when the second shell hit it. Then he remembered what the Falangists did to Rabbit when they shot her parents, and how till then she had been a good Catholic, and a thought came to him like the yellow flash of a 47 mm.

I don't believe there is a Hemingway.

J. P. STEVENSON

MR. HEMINGWAY'S PRINCIPAL HERO

So you won it. You worked for it, and you won it, and after you had won it what had you got? Yes, he said to himself. Yes. That was exactly what you got.

Coming out now from the blanketed entrance of the cave he, Hem, went down the side of the mountainside, walking big-footed, the pine needles sharp under his feet and, coming to the water's edge, remembered the fight. He remembered the fight, heart pounding, lungs bursting, the taste of hot pennies in his mouth.

" Come on, fish," he had said. " Big Pulitzer fish. You are a prize fish, and you are my brother and I love you and will kill you."

You were half one hundred years old, and you won it.

" You beat-up old bastard you," he said, looking at his reflection in the water.

He was a strange old man. T. S. STRACHAN

CHESS : Take a Tip from Lasker

No. 191

I am frequently asked by correspondents to suggest ways and means for improving at Chess. The simple answer is to use some Common Sense, and we could hardly do better than listen to a great purveyor of that commodity, Emanuel Lasker :

Christmas turkeys are fattened for the market by cramming. Chessplayers cannot safely practise the same system . . . A body is built not by the quantity of food eaten, but by that which is digested and duly assimilated . . .

In other words : We should not " swot up " variations, but try to understand the basic principles of various opening systems : and rather than play over a dozen master-games in a hurry we should study one or two, move by move, seeing first what we would do and then checking what the master did and what the annotator has to say about it. As for practice, Lasker thought that a chessplayer must train his analytical faculties no less methodically than an athlete, by judicious exercise, strives to keep his muscles and sinews supple. Such purpose is none too well served by excessive " skittle " playing ; better play a series of friendly match games, agreeing on a different opening each time, and never failing to conclude by joint analysis in a thorough post-mortem.

I came across this excellent advice in a file of *The London Chess Fortnightly*, edited by Lasker in 1892-3. In the same volume I find Lasker praising a player who, even then, was almost forgotten, though thirty years earlier it was generally assumed that the mantle of Morphy had fallen on his young shoulders. Alas, he died when barely out of his 'teens. His name was Derrickson, and he was a native of Philadelphia. He left us some fine problems and a few delightful games. Here is one of them :

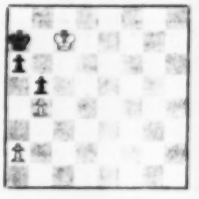
(1) P-K4	P-K4	(5) P-Q3	P-Q3
(2) B-B4	Kt-KB3	(6) B-KKt5	B-KKt5 !
(3) Kt-KB3	Kt-B3	(7) P-KR3	P-KR4 ! !
(4) O-O	B-B4	(8) P x B	P x P

White has let himself in for it, barding—wrongly as we shall soon see—on the Black Kt being pinned. But Lasker proves in his notes that even if White had played (8) QKt-Q2 (which was probably best) Black would have got the better of it by Q-Q2. If White then takes the B the black attack is still devastating. White's best line would be K-R2, followed by P-QB3, P-QKt4, Q-Kt3 and chances of counter-attack. For by then, of course, Black would have castled Q-wing.

(9) Kt-R2	P-Kt6	(14) K-K2	R x Q
(10) Kt-KB3 ?	Kt-KKt5 ! !	(15) KKt-Q2	Kt-Q5 ch
(11) B x Q	B x P ch	(16) K x R	Kt-K6 ch
(12) R x B	P x R ch	(17) K-B1	Kt-K7 mate
(13) K-B1	R-R8 ch		

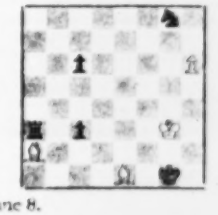
This week the 4-pointer for beginners is a most instructive little endgame study. White to win. **B**—White to draw—is not much more difficult and should be rather overrated with 6 ladder-points. But **C**, a 1st prize-winner in a Russian competition is very subtle indeed and no bargain for 7 points. White to draw.

A : W. Steinitz 1892



B : Jean Dufresne 1890

C : K. A. L. Kubbel 1925



Usual prizes. Entries by June 8.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set May 9

A : (1) P x B, Kt x Q. (2) P x P ch, K-Q2. (3) B-K6 ch, K-B1* (4) Kt-K5 ch, K-Kt1. (5) B-B4 ch, K-R1. (6) B-Kt4 ch, K-B1. (7) P x Kt mate.

B : (1) K-B5, K-R5. (2) K-B4, K-R6. (3) K-B3, K-R7. (4) K-B2, P-B3. (5) K-B3 ! K-Kt8. (6) K-K4, K-B7. (7) K-Q5 ! P-B4. (8) K-B6, P-B5. (9) K x P, P-B6, etc.

(5) K-B1 (K3) is refuted by K-Kt6.

(1) K-B6 is countered by K-Kt5. (2) K x P, K-B5 !

C : (1) Kt-K3 !, K x Kt. (2) P-K7, R-Kt7. (3) B-R3 ! etc.

if (1) . . . R x B. (2) Kt-Q5 !, etc.

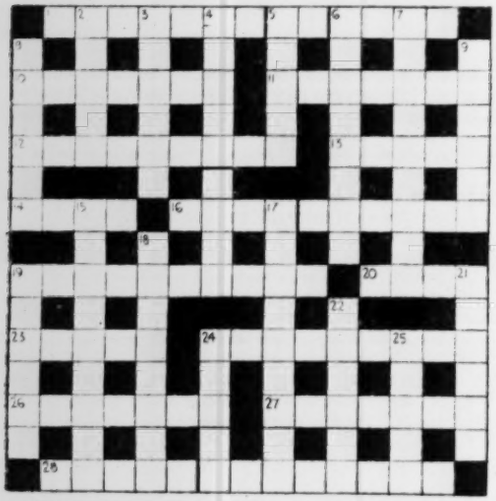
if (1) . . . R-Q5 (2) B-K7, R-Q2. (3) Kt-B5, P-R4. (4) B-Q6, R-QKt2. (5) B-B7, K-B6. (6) Kt-Q6, etc.

Many competitors stumped by *B* and/or *C*. Even so, nearly a score of correct solutions. Prizes shared by C. Allen, E. A. Barclay-Smith, R. Chandra, R. C. Chaturvedi, A. E. Harris, K. Beaumont. I have deleted ladder-credits of the Kovalenko study (Apr. 25). It was found to be cooked. I shall revert to this some time soon. *Non-Londoners' 7th majority move* B-Kt3. *Londoners' 7th due by June 3.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 50

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 50, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 9th June.



ACROSS

1. Military Academy? (7, 2, 4).
10. The northcountryman has a stamp with a king's head on it (7).
11. Irregularity in poetry (7).
12. Broke a rule (9).
13. Grindstone in *Romeo and Juliet* (5).
14. Where a king's son rises from a seat (4).
16. Two names for a flower (4, 6).
19. Brown (10).
20. Royal city in Czechoslovakia (4).
23. Reputation which smells (5).
24. Port of London exchange (9).
26. Place where one gets to know about irritation (7).
27. Humble pie? (7).
28. A plant for the Coronation (5, 8).

DOWN

2. Shape of a post with love at heart (5).
3. Another Oradour (6).
4. Die like a huge mammal (5, 4).
5. Prepared to work smoothly I went first under the ring (5).
6. A confused forebear leaves no traces (8).
7. Serves one in great churches (9).
8. Related, but not on the distaff side (6).
9. Family with five daughters and no son (6).
15. Eat and drink for a loyalist (9).
17. Mrs. Corcoran to be (9).
18. Highwayman but German playwright (8).
19. They may be moved by spring or water (6).
21. Began to write in the dictionary (6).
22. A king at one (6).
24. They are vegetable and humour an American (5).
25. A coronet for me in a royal place (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 48

TRIPPERS GREEK
UNLY OF E C S
ROGER STILLROOM
K O E E S A N O
INTENDS SHYLOCK
S E U S M I
HUNGERFORD FINN
D E S L E F S G
EACH SANSCRITIC
L E B G E O
INSURER TREASON
G S I A A H C
HOARDINGS OBESE
T R G T S L B R
TYPES GOODHART

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 48

S. J. Simister (Southgate, N.14), Mrs. A. R. Davidson (Kilmarnock), F. Barlow (Carleton).

PERSONAL

COUPLE reqd. tenants smallholding N. Essex, 22 acres, mod. Bung., vac. Michaelmas. Run close conjunction Holiday Centre London children, essent. applicants interested & willing let them share life of farm. Refs.: Denys Goodson Trust, 16 Porchester Sq., W.2.

STUDIO Pottery in University town for sale. Box 9515.

UNDERGRAD. (law) sks. unusual work, vac. Drives; fluent French. Box 9502.

OWNER going abroad must sell immed. cat cont. s.c. Hampstead flat. Cheap. £150. Pass. tenancy low unfur. tent. Box 9480.

ANY sort of part-time work London urgently needed by man of excellent character, experienced driver (car or van) with good knowledge London. Box 9477.

PROFESSOR'S Secretary studying piano-forte wishes supplement income with secretarial work, typing manuscripts, book-keeping, etc., at home or S.W. area. Sec., 21 Denmark Avenue, S.W.19. WIM. 0168.

PORTRAITS by a good painter. 12gns. (unframed). 3 sittings. Box 9472.

WOMAN Juliet, Oxford graduate reqs. place in car to Rome or elsewhere Italy, end June. Share all exp. Box 9470 or BAY. 7624.

A LOW cost visit to Florence-Pisa-Siena-Rome for art-lovers, students, teachers & others of moderate means. Departing Aug. 7 & 30. 15 days. 31gns. Details (s.a.e. please) from E.T. Assoc., c/o World University Service, 59 Gloucester Pl., London, W.1.

COMPANION (m.) sought by bachelor, 31, holiday Brittany July 18-Aug. 3. Box 9451.

CAR seat vacant London to Austria Aug. 11 & retn. Sept. 1. Share exps. Box 9449.

HOLIDAY post wanted Aug. young lady teacher. Sea or abroad pref. Anything considered. Box 9445.

LADY offered city office in return for answering 'phone. Box 9443.

"NORSEMAN." Fully equipped 3-berth twin screw yacht. Comfortable sea-going home. £990. Now lying Nice. Box 9441.

ITALIAN (of Tuscany) wd. exch. Ital. for French or English lessons. Box 9524.

PROF. man (48), planning swimming and sunbathing holiday, French Riviera or Corsica Aug. pass, camping, sks. compans. to make up party. Exps. shared. Box 9499.

ITALY or France. Aug. 8-24. 2 car seats reqd. Share exp. Driver. Box 9512.

TEACHER (C.) sks. holiday job August. Try anything, anywhere. Box 9507.

YOUNG man, driver, seeks join car party continent, 3 weeks, any date. Box 9492.

REQUIRED details religious movements, experiments communal living, etc. Write Box 9532.

FRENCH for beginners. Moderate terms and a patient teacher. Box 9276.

CHILDREN'S Holiday, 8-16. "Junior Vacations" at Bognor Regis 150 yds. from front. Activities supervised by intelligent staff. Numbers limited to 120. July 11, 3 wks. Brochure: Sec., 8 Henrietta Pl., W.1. LAN. 2959.

GUITAR lessons. Technique/Theory/Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov F.I.A. 4454.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good cheap antique furniture. Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

PERSONAL—continued

BRITAIN in Coronation Year! Our programme of holidays in England, Scotland, Eire & the Channel Islands, of house parties by the sea, country weekends & social events including Coronation River Dance on June 20, will appeal alike to visitors from abroad and English people. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

IMPROVE your English at Week-end Country House Party, June 5-7. See Brazier's Park under "Lecture Courses."

VIOLIN tuition by Joseph Segal (Flesch-Busch method) 3 Wycombe Gdns. N.W.11.

SUMMER Idyll. Italy Viareggio. Exciting, economical personal tour August. Young Anglo-Jewish party, ages 18-30. Prelim. meeting June 7. Parties. FRE. 0283 or Box 9547.

HOLIDAYS in various parts of France on exchange of hospitality basis, for children and single young people. Hospitality in England, July 1-27; in France, July 27-Aug. 24, 1953, £12 only, incl. return fare as far as Paris. Details: Robertson's E.T.S., 61 Fellows Road, N.W.3. PRI. 1370; and 207 Boulevard Raspail, Paris.

SUMMER house party for boys & girls, 7-16; Somerset coast. We specialise in this kind of holiday. Ill. brochure—Junior Holiday Club, 34 Clarge St., W.1. GRO. 5093.

SPAIN. Tossa, Costa Brava. Last 3 weeks June. Room with bkfst., 21-3gns. wkly. BAY 0216 morning/evening. Box 9560.

WALKING Tours. If you are energetic, like good company, enjoy open-air holidays and prefer to stay at homely pensions and not smart hotels our programme of walking tours and other unconventional holidays will interest you. Ramblers' Assn. Services 48a Park Road, Baker St., London, N.W.1.

ADVICE given on statistical aspect of reports and investigations. Box 8859.

JOHN Vickers—Photographer. Specialist in Portraiture of those who usually face the camera with misgiving. 'Phone Victoria 4915. 29B, Belgrave Road, London, S.W.1.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

MATHS. for Matric., Inter., Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 9178.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel.: HOL. 8193).

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CAR Tour from home to S. France—or elsewhere. Brochure. Box 8624.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

THE Broadest Beams come from those photographers who use Ferrania—the guaranteed film.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

SPAIN, Costa Brava, Sitges, 15 days sun. Small mixed party unherded tho' escorted, interested in people and folklore. Send vac. dates Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

YOUNG man, own small business, wants part-time job, London; secretarial and teaching experience. Good typist. Box 9513.

PERSONAL—continued

DON'T let the weather spoil your holiday this year! Enjoy a Contours Mediterranean holiday with guaranteed sunshine. Ask for 52-page Contours holiday planning book—it is more than a list of "tours." Our book suggests ideas but it is your personal requirements that determine the exact form your Contours holiday will take. Contours Ltd., 72 Newman St., London, W.1. MUS. 8499/6463.

CAPRI, Sorrento, Pompeii, Naples, Rome. The best personal tour of southern Italy. Small parties escorted by Mr. Lamming. 16 days, 49gns. Alkways, 47, Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. CHA. 6416/7.

GREECE. 18-day holiday, based on Corfu, to Athens, Delphi, Epidaurus, Mycenae, Nauplia, Corinth. Completely inclusive cost: £47 3s. 6d. Or 25 days for £52 3s. 6d. An evening and night in Paris en route and a day in Venice. Also holidays in Piombino (Italy), Elba, Rome and Yugo-Slavia. Water ski-ing and underseas fishing equipment and instruction free. Club Mediterranee, 66 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. Tel. Holborn 4846.

FOR the best holiday value in Switzerland and all available countries write for 1953 Programme to Swiss Hotel Plan Travel Service, 245 Regent St., London, W.1. Phone: GRO. 8921. 21 Continental Offices.

STUDENT Travel Summer 1953—offers to you many varied opportunities for your summer holiday this year. 17 days at the Bayreuth Festival and Heidelberg (£29); or at St. Avguff on the French Riviera (£28 15s.); 15 days at Santa Eulalia in Ibiza (£36 5s.); 17 days at Lucerne Festival in Vitznau (£35). Details of these and many other wonderful holidays may be obtained from the National Union of Students Travel Department (NS), 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

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WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

THE Union of Modern Free Churchmen welcomes to membership all Christian people who are not afraid of new knowledge or free discussion: write The Secretary, 135 Hendham Rd., Caversham, Reading.

CORSICA for an inexpensive "out of the ordinary" 14 days sunshine holiday at the Camp de l'Horizon on the beautiful Bay of Calvi by air and full board and accommodation for only £39 10s. Plan now. Write or phone for fully illustrated free brochure to (Dept. CS22), Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

SPAIN. Sitges, Tossa, 15 days unherded tho' escorted. Small mixed informal party. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

PERSONAL—continued

YOUR last chance to join one of our parties. Paris 8 days £11 19s. 6d. Also Brussels, Switzerland, Italy. Details: Hilgrove, 7 Bourne St., London, S.W.1.

WHY drag your luggage through the Channel Customs when you can fly over them? Why worry about "couchettes" when you can sleep comfortably at a Swiss or Austrian hotel? 14 nights: £29-£42 all-in. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

SOCIALIST camps, schools, centres, film festival, on Continent throughout summer. Reductions available on many tours. Full programme: International Union of Socialist Youth, 8 Gaytere St., S.W.1. ABB. 6894.

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EXPRESS Yourself in saleable writing. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N. 1 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

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FOR overworked business people the relaxing and stimulating effect of Nerve Manipulation is invaluable. A reintegrating treatment. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. WEL. 9600. Ask for brochure.

QUICKHAND in one week-end: rapid note-taking using your ordinary writing. Send 15s. for complete course: M. A. Educ. Service, 119 Brent Street, N.W.4.

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P.S. Wise virgins write early for Harold Ingham's programme of Summer Schools abroad. The foolish . . . but perhaps the moral is familiar.

P.P.S. The address is 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Tel. Harrow 1040.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Fiftythree Club meeting central London invites new members. Playreading, Literary, Theatre, Discussion, Language Groups, Rambles, Tennis. Box 9475.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street," (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

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SHORTHAND in 1 week. Test lesson 2½d. stamp—Dutton's (NS), 93 Gt. Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant, is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

BALLIOL College, Oxford. Balliol College proposes to elect an Official Fellow (or appoint a Lecturer) in Politics as from September 29, 1953. Applications should be sent not later than June 13, 1953 to the Master, from whom further details can be obtained.

B.B.C. requires Sub-Editor in News Division. Duties: accurate condensation of news of all kinds for use in news periods. Good education and journalistic experience (including good sub-editorial training) essential. Alternate shifts of day and night duty. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to £1,065 per annum maximum. Applications to Appointments Office, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "News, N. Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. invites applications for posts as Albanian Monitors, near Reading. Duties: to report in English on radio transmissions in Albanian. Idiomatic grasp of Albanian and good knowledge of current political events essential. Starting salary £590 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £800 p.a. maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "A.M.N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped add. env.

LONDON County Council—Administrative Vacancies. A special competitive examination will be held in London on July 20 and 21, 1953, for appointments to Major Establishment. Open to candidates born on or between Aug. 2, 1929, and Feb. 1, 1934, who hold Higher School Certificate, or General Certificate of Education (passes in 4 subjects, incl. English language and mathematics, two of the passes being at advanced level). Graduates (and under-graduates) given age allowance (max. 1 year) for Forces service. Ex-regulars with qualifications mentioned given age allowance. Small "weighting" of marks given for recent Forces service, some reservation of vacancies for ex-National Servicemen. Commencing salaries according to age between £288 at 18 and £450 at 24. Scale rises to £660. Good conditions and leave, prospects of promotion. Apply to Director of Establishments (A.1), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, for detailed leaflet and application form S.C.1, closing date June 15.

DISTRICT Secretary for Workers' Educational Association, North of Scotland District. Must have exp. of W.E.A. work. Salary £550 rising to £700 p.a. Apply W.E.A., 24 Adelphi, Aberdeen, before June 12

ASSISTANT Librarian (female) required for Library and Central Registry of a small scientific organisation, W.1; age 28-40. Experience in library work and indexing desirable. A degree in or knowledge of chemistry an advantage, but not essential. Salary according to age and experience. Superannuation scheme, canteen facilities, holiday this year. Send particulars of experience and salary required to Box 9536.

QUALIFIED Musician teacher-organiser, S.E. London Music Association, Women's University Settlement joint appointment (Sept.) Salary £450. Applicn. Form & dets: The Warden, W.U.S., 44 Nelson Sq., S.E.1.

THE Birmingham Settlement requires a Girl's Club Leader, to take charge of Junior Girls and share responsibility for Mixed Youth Club and Play Centre. Salary according to experience. Apply: The Warden, The Birmingham Settlement, 318, Summer Lane, Birmingham, 19.

MALADJUSTED children. Co-educational school in Hants requires young woman to help matron with needlework and children. Stable personality but need not be experienced. Salary from £130 plus board and lodging. Write giving details and references to C.S.A., 36 Carlton Hill, London, N.W.8.

ASSISTANT Matron wanted for September by co-educational boarding school. Apply by letter to The Principal, Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset.

ORGANISER branch Settlement required at once. Also (September) General Assistant at main Settlement. Previous experience social work and/or training. Residential (or small house available if required). Form and particulars from Warden, University Settlement, Bristol. 5.

EXPERIENCED Sub-editor reqd., well read, with good all-round knowledge of the country. Salary £650-£850 according to qualifications and experience. Full particulars: Editor, The Countryman, Burford, Oxon.

A NATIONAL Association for the disabled with S.E. London offices, requires a Secretary/Bookkeeper for National Secretary, preferably with Social welfare experience, salary up to £7 10s. per week. Applications to the National Secretary, 6 Limes Grove, Lewisham, London, S.E.13.

ASSISTANT Cook wanted at Red Hill School, East Sutton, Nr. Maidstone, for highly gifted maladiusted boys. Would be expected to enter into social life at school. Adequate kitchen assistance. [I.C. Scales.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PINEWOOD requires cook, teacher and matron—see schools advt. Elizabeth Strachan, Amwellbury, Ware, Herts. Ware 52

EXCELLENT secretarial posts for well-educated women. Temp. & perm., some with short hrs. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., Westminster. WHI. 0606.

TEMPORARY/part-time Sh/typs. Interesting work, by hr./day/week. WHI. 5392.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for permanent posts in London; also for occasional work on our Emergency Staff (£6 10s., 10-5, no Sats.). Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

WORTHWHILE job, responsible mother's help, 5 little children, N. Wales nine months, then sheep farm North Island, New Zealand. Good salary. Box 9287.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FINALIST (25, male), B.Sc. (Econ.), spec. Int. Relations. Much writing. Short story pub., article (non-political) in "Spectator." Hard-working. Seeks journalism or allied. Any offer considered. Box 9394.

EXPD. Froebel teacher, also B.Sc. Econ. Sociology, shs, part-time work educational, social, N.W. London; expd. coach for Secondary School Ent. Suggestions? MAI. 0411.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

SAVILLE Row Tailor (29), initiative, ability, imagination, seeks change—not necessarily tailoring. Box 9429.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

BETWEEN Looe & Polperro. Country House possessing every modern amenity, in 12 acres gardens overlooking sea, offers restful holiday and perfect food based on own farm produce. No children under 14. Details and photo from Box 8944.

BROWN Acres. Guest House. Aldeburgh by Sea, Suffolk. Lovely Gardens. Home Prod. Food. Gd. Fare. H. & C. 7*gns.* p.w.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/6*gns.* George & Elaine Bonner, Penralit, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

SKYE, By Kyle. 28 Lower Breakish. Superior accommodation. Farm produce. Modern conveniences. Full board 5*gns.* Mrs. Graham.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Commdr. H. G. Selby.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Lovely garden & beautiful scenery. Sea warm. Centre King Arthur Country. Jersey milk and cream. Open all the year. Golf St. Enodoc. Salmon, trout in season. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Port Quin, Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne. Sailing Padstow. Television for Coronation. Excel. cuisine & all personal comforts guaranteed. Book now. Adults from 9*gns.* Manageress, Mrs. Accles. Port Isaac 234.

WRITER'S wife welcomes P.G.'s, cottage Fowey, Cornwall, 4-5*gns.* Breakfast and evening dinner. Write Box 9046.

OVERLOOKING sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614. 7 to 8*gns.* weekly.

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BETWEEN Pennines & Lakeland. Perfect holiday centre in spacious country house. Every comfort. Brochure. Mod. charges. Yealand Manor, nr. Carnforth.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain and lakes. Wastwater. Sea & golf at Seascale. Billiards, Table Tennis, Licd. Irton Hall Hotel. Holmrook, Cumb. Holmrook 42.

THE Slipway House, Port Isaac, Cornwall. Perfect for a restful holiday. Every comfort in a charming old-world setting. Directly facing harbour. Magnificent cliff & country walks, good touring centre. Broch. 6-7½*gns.*

UNSPOILT Essex. Manor House Hotel, 20 acres gardens and grounds. Fully licensed. Squash, tennis, swimming, billiards, T.V. Golf near. London buses pass. Children welcome. Terms from 6½*gns.* weekly. Apply Little Bardfield Hall, Nr. Braintree. Gt. Bardfield 241. London Agent: MAI. 2118.

CAPEL Curig. Guest House with modern accom. for 12. H. & C. Finely situated on mountain pass in heart of Snowdon National Park. Mrs. Brennand, Bron Heulog, Capel Curig. (Tel. C.C. 217.)

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"STATESMAN" readers on holiday meet their like at the Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea. (Illd. brochure.) Please see advertisement on page 644.

IF you are going to Cornwall stay the night in Chagford, between Exeter and Okehampton, for a good night's rest, and finish the journey in comfort. Write to the Secy., Chagford Hotels Association.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

STEANBRIDGE. Quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley welcomes people of all nationalities; unspoilt country, home-grown produce; breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. (Tel.: Painswick 2312.)

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5*gns.* wkly. Summer terms 6*gns.* Robertsbridge 148.

CORNISH Riviera, Fowey. B. & b. Eve. meal if reqd. June, July, Aug. Box 9473

IF you have been ill, try Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air and cheerful, friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. apprvd. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

N. CORNWALL. St. Giles Hotel, Wadebridge. This is a small hotel charmingly situated in own grounds overlooking the River Camel and within four miles of safe bathing and surfing. It is an ideal centre for motorists and every comfort and consideration is available for our guests. Tel. 85 and 386.

LAKES Charm. old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 2334.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea. H. & C. bedrooms. Farm produce, excel. food. Mod.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses—the Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6*d.*, postage 2*d.* from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country. Own produce. Spacious grounds. Comfy beds. Bus to Eastbourne. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel: Horeham Rd. 32.

COME to the Lakes for your holiday. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, offers magnificent views, attractive food, comfort in friendly atmosphere. Special facilities for climbers and Fell walkers. Anne Horner. 'Phone 508.

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HOTEL Windsor, Bld. Verdun, Dieppe (facing sea), offers comfortable accom., good food, at reas. rates for week-ends or holiday periods. Also at Clos Normand, Martin Eglise, where excellent free trout fishing is available. Marcel Lambert, Proprietor.

COME to Minorca, the unknown island. Peace, sun, superb bathing in white sandy bays, gay fiestas and colourful fishing villages are all found in this unspoilt little Mediterranean island, where life has never lost the charms of an earlier and more tranquil century. The Hotel Hamilton stands on the sea, a mile from the ancient harbour of Mahon, Minorca's capital. Comprehensive terms inclg. wine, 1*gn.* p. day. Apply now to Hotel Hamilton, Villa Carlos, Minorca, Spain.

PENSION Thélia. Pleasant garden, near Panthéon. 25*s.* daily. Reductions for meals not taken. 75 Rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris 5e.

VILLAGES Magiques: £39 for 2 weeks in Sicily via Paris, Rome, Pompeii. Enqs. C.I.T. (England), Ltd., 66 Haymarket, S.W.1.

SOUTHERN France, near Pyrenees: simple, friendly accom. 2-3 persons; good excursion centre; gdn.; inside sanitation. Full brd. 900-1,000 frs. p. d. Write Mme. Bielschowsky, Bocil-Bezing, près Pau, France (B.P.).

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DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. 3 minutes from Earls Court Stn. H. & c., gas fires all rms. 15*s.* 6*d.* bed. & bkfast. Under pers. supervsn.

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9, Lancaster Gate, W.2 (Pad. 8406); c.h.w., 'phones, restaurant, porters, from 17*s.* 6*d.* daily, and breakfast.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. Sunny bedsit. avail. private house, gas ring, own meter, h. & c., use bath. Refs. Box 9382.

UNFUR. rooms avail., good sitn. Highgate. Recep. rm., 2 bedrms. (H. & C.), kit.-dining rm., scullery. Use bathrm. Box 9370.

BED-sitting room in flat close Kilburn Tube. Use bath & telephone. Single gent. GLA. 7272 after noon Saturday.

2-ROOM furn. flat available 2 months from June 26. S/C., telephone, central. 4*gns.* Box 9471 or BAY. 7624.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

LONDON, York House, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Bed & breakfast, 15*s.* daily.

A HOME at Heritage, 47 Leinster Gdns., Hyde Park, W.2. Perfect divan sitting-rms. Quiet, spotless comfort. Good bkfst. Sgls. 3-4*gns.* Dbls. 5-7*gns.* Vacs. PAD. 0368.

SERVICE rms. Chelsea. Fully furn., cen. htg., C.h.w., full bkfst. & dinner inc. fr. 5½*gns.* p.w., or bed/bkfst. 4*gns.* FLA. 7755.

FURN. rm. with bkfst. in flat o'lkg. Kens, Gdns. Suit stud. or prof. person (woman prefd.). 2½*gns.* wkly. BAY. 7696.

WOMAN graduate has newly-furnished sitting-room & bedroom to let to business, prof. woman in s/c. flat 6 minutes Bellsize Tube. Views, sunny; fitted carpets. Share kit., bathrm. Boxroom. £3 15*s.* plus fires & own cooker on separate meter. Box 9396.

FLAT, furn., 2 rms., suit 2/3 sharing. 45*s.* Nr. Sadler's Wells. Box 9465.

LARGE room (N. light, perhaps suitable studio?), and smaller adjoining, grd. floor; 1 furn. but adaptable. Use kit., bath, tel. Poss. some service. Nr. buses & Heath. 50*s.* exclus. heating. Friendly atmosphere. Pref. 1 tenant. Box 9369.

PLEASANTLY furnished room in quiet Hampstead house, to let from early June. 2½*gns.* inclusive, cooking facilities. Suitable professional woman. Box 9366.

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LONDON. 107/8 Philbeach Gdns., Earls Court. Central to all parts. Bed, breakfast 10*s.* 6*d.* 'Phone FRO. 1786 or 0241.

HAMPSTEAD, best part. Board residence suitable for students of Music and Art. Moderate terms. Box 9556.

INTERNATL. Students & Youth Hostel, 1 Oldham Rd., W.10. Metro: Latimer Rd. Station. LADbroke 3104. Nightly 6*s.* 6*d.*, weekly 35*s.*, bed and bkfast., sharing.

FURNISHED bed-sitting room (no linen or service), London, N.W.8, for quiet tenant. Telephone. Electricity. Use of kitchenette and bathroom. Rent 30*s.* plus staying in (for telephone, etc.) from 2 p.m. one week day and alternate Sundays. Box 9529.

BAYSWATER, well-furn. bed-sitt. room, bathroom, telephone in room; in block of flats; only for permanent. BAY. 7456.

MARLOW-on-Thames. Artist's attractive bungalow to let July 24-August 14. 7*gns.* p.w. Dahl, Middle Field, Marlow.

COTTAGE. Accommodate 2 persons, Cornish coast. Vacant until July 10, after August 31. Particulars: Mrs. W. E. Sevier, Enys, Pendeen, Cornwall.

HOLIDAY country cottage to let nr. sea, S.E. Scotland. 3½*gns.* p.w. Box 9501.

TO Let, East Sussex: 8 weeks from mid-July; comfortable cottage (4 rooms, kitchen, bathroom) in rural surroundings one mile sea; main services, telephone, bus-route Hastings. Miss Fox, Pett, Hastings.

EXCHANGE house Isle of Wight for house Lake District, 2/3 weeks. August. Two children. Box 9444.

HOLIDAY exchange: house outskirts Brighton, sleep five, for London, near Museums, etc. July 25, fortnight. Box 9446.

HOLIDAY exchange, N. London house, 6 beds, for seaside accomm. Aug.-Sept. MOU. 6372 or Box 9457.

AUTHOR seeks very quiet, furnished accom. for writing. Light service, green outlook. In/near London. Details, Box 9148.

PROF. man reqs. furn. bed-sit. room with breakfast, S. London. Box 9285.

UNMARRIED couple want furn. flat, N. London. J.C.R., 39 Ellington St., N.7.

UNFURNISHED/Part-furnished accommodation required by professional lady after Coronation. Central London. Box 9338.

UNFURNISHED flat, pleasant London surroundings, reqd. by young prof. couple. 2-3 rooms, kit. and bath. Box 9395.

PROF. woman must leave present address before June 24. Will anyone offer 2 rooms furn./unfurn. central London. Vickers, 50 Kensington Church St., W.8.

CAMBRIDGE accom. reqd. by Jewish student for 3 summer months. Pleasant intellectual surroundings prefd. Box 9512.

SCHOOLS

HILL House, Steeple Claydon, nr. Bletchley, Bucks, home boarding school, co-ed., 2-12. Fees £50 term. Good academic results. Children/parents welcome in holidays. Mrs. J. E. M. Winter, B.A.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Enqs., particularly from parents abroad. R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Evgs. 7.30, Sats. 6 and 8.30. Theatre Workshop. "Three Men on a Horse."

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place, W.1 (near Islington Town Hall). To-night, Friday, May 29, 30, June 5, 6, at 7.30. Eric Linklater's "Love in Albania." 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s. Bookable CAN 5111 after 7.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.). St., Sun., 5 & 8. "Second Best Bed." Mems.

UNITY (Eus. 5391). Sean O'Casey's Comedies, "Three in a Row." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

NEW Lindsey Theatre. "In the Lap of the Gods." Revue. Tues.-Saturday 8. Sunday 5 & 8. Mems. BAY. 2512.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Nightly, 10.30 (Sun. 9.30). Coronation Cabaret. Mems.

"LET'S Make an Opera!" Coronation Performance by Oakfield School at Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton, S.W.2. Wednesday and Friday, June 17 and 19, 7.30 p.m., in aid of Children and Old People. Tickets 7s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 2s. 6d., Reserved, 1s. 6d. Unreserved, from Information Centre, Lambeth Town Hall. Rates reduced for parties of 10.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until May 31: Renoir's "The River" (U). From June 1: "Jour de Fête" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., May 31, 7.30 "Edouard et Caroline" (A) French.

ILFORD New Era Film Society (VAL. 8406), Sun., May 31, 7.30 p.m. Ilford Town Hall, "Mädchen in Uniform" and supporting programme.

GLENCOE Arts Club, Sailing Barge, Union Wharf, Lassell Street, Greenwich. Bar open daily from 5. Dancing Wed., Thurs., Friday and Saturday. Mems.

GRAND Coronation Dance, Friday, May 29, 1953, Kensington Town Hall, 7-11.30 p.m. Gents, 5s., ladies 3s. 6d. League of Coloured Peoples.

THE Gold Coast Union present All Night Coronation Ball with Cabaret by the West African Art Club on Wednesday, June 3, at Fulham Town Hall (opposite Fulham Broadway Tube Station). Dancing from 8 p.m. to 5.30 a.m. to Tommy Lovegrave & His Band and Ron Somers & His Band. Single 8s. 6d., double 15s. Running bar and buffet.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Recital Room. Thurs., June 4, 8.15. Basil Lam Sonata Ensemble with Margaret Ritchie. Concert English Chamber Music including Sonatas and Songs by Purcell, etc. WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Recital Room. Sun., May 31 at 7.45 p.m. Martin String Quartet. Mozart prog. of quartets in D Minor (K.421), D (K.499) & C (K.465). WAT. 3191.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Fri., June 5 at 8 p.m. Leos Janacek Song-Recital, recordings by Josef Valka, Ruzena Horakova & Josef Paicnicek. Intro. by Malcolm Rayment. Mems. 1s., guests 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

"LONDON on Wheels." British Transport Exhibition of 19th Century Travel in London. Euston Station. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2-7. Admission 1s. (children 6d.)

DRAWINGS from The Witt Collection. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Until May 30, 10-6. Free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition: Contemporary Eskimo Carvings.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Gustave Courbet (1819-1877). First representative Exhibition in England—In aid of Les Amis de Courbet. Adm. 2s., Students 1s. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

WOOD Carvings & Bronzes by Marin Studin. May 12-June 5. Wkdys. 10-5, Thurs. 10-8, Sats. 10-1. Kensington Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbots Ter., W.14.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. The Sculpture of Giacomo Manzu. Until June 5.

IRVING Gall., Irving St., Leics. Sq. Spring Exhibn. Water Colours. Ends June 6.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Leon Underwood: Sculpture and Paintings—Retrospective Exhibition and New Work.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Picasso 1900-1935. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

"THE Christian Theme in Contemporary Arts." 45 Park Lane, W.1. May 12-June 18 (Closed June 1, 2 & 3). Weekdays 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Suns. 2 p.m.-10 p.m.

THOMAS Churchyard (1798-1865). Paintings at Green and Abbott, 35 St. George Street, W.1. May 18-June 19.

LE Cinque Terre and The Cinque Ports, by Piero Sansalvadore. In aid of Save the Children Fund. Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor Street, W.1. Until June 20. Daily 10-5, Sat. 10-1. Entrance free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GAINSBOROUGH: Open till August 4. Graham Sutherland: Open till August 9. Arts Council Exhibns. Tate Gallery. Mon., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Wed., Thurs., 10-9; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. to each exhibition.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: XXth Century Form: Painting, Sculpture and Architecture. 11-6, Sun. 2-6. Closed Mons. Closing May 31.

A.I.A., 15 Lisle St., Leicester Square, W.C.2. Pictures to be Enjoyed. (In association with Mrs. Lea Jaray.) Daily 11-6, Sats. inc. Forms available for Battersea Pleasure Gardens Summer Exhibitions.

INDIA House, Aldwych—an exhibition of Commerce & Industry and Tourism. May 28 to June 27. Monday to Saturday, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Admission free.

THE Royal Pavilion, Brighton, will be closed to the public until July 26, owing to the U.N. Civil Aviation Conference being held there.

FURNISHING to a Figure. Furn. rooms designed to help those with limited budgets. Heal & Son, 196 Tott. Ct. Rd., W.1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Birds and Beasts —Paintings and Drawings of Five Centuries. 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

SOVIET Book Exhibition, Collet's Book Gallery, 45 Museum St., opposite British Museum. June 1-30. Daily 11-7.30. Suns. 2-5. Admission free.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover Street, W.1. I.C.A. Coronation Exhibition: Drawings of Henry Moore & his recent "Seated Figure." Daily 11-6, Sun. 2-6.

BRITISH Life. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till July 11. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. The Tarot, seven cartoons by Rakoczi. Tues.-Sat., 10-5. Sun. 2-5.

HAMPSTEAD Open Air Art Show, Heath Street, Hampstead. Saturday & Sunday, May 30 & 31, and every weekend until August 30. Admission free. 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.

HOUSE & Garden Decoration Centre exhibition—redesigned for summer living with House & Garden Colours, 16 Grafton Street, W.1. Admission free. Mon.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 10-12.30.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth & (from June 6) Medicine Under Three Queens; Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

JOHN Lewis, B.Sc., Ph.D.: "A Western Philosopher's Assessment of Indian and Chinese Philosophy." Fri., June 5, 8.15. All welc. No collection. London Br., Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

CORONATION Discussion Meeting. Central London Fabian Society, Wed. June 3, 7.30 p.m. at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Crown & Sceptic: Socialism and the Monarchy." Spkr.: Francis Ridley. Adm. 2s.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. Advance Announcement. "McCarthyism." Thursday, June 18, Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, 7.45 p.m. Further details later. Hon. Sec.: WEL. 0136.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. 7.15 p.m., Friday, May 29. Major G. Adcock, "The Future of Ethical Societies in a Christian Community."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. May 31, Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E. "Time." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

DR. E. Graham Howe will give his final lecture on Vitality at 7.30 p.m. on Wednesday, June 3, at the Assembly Room, Central Hall, Westminster (Matthew Parker Street entrance). Subject, "The More or Less Abundant Life: the Problem of our Living." Voluntary contributions.

VIRGINIA Flemming: "The Democratic Cult of Monarchy." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2, Sun., May 31, 11 a.m.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. May 31: "The Psychic Man." All welcome. No Collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Rd.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10: (i) Meditation & Discourse at the Centre every Sun., 5 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30, June 4: "Essentials of Vedanta." June 11: "Mystic Disciplines of India." All welcome.

UNIVERSALIST Service Sunday, May 31, 3.15 p.m. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bdge. Rd., Nr. Victoria Stn. Discourse by Swami Avyaktananda. "Reason and Love." P. P. U. Religion Commission.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1. June 6, 6 p.m. Mr. F. W. Barker: "Images d'Afrique," with colour projections.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SOVIET Affairs. A week-end school, June 5-7, with Isaac Deutscher, Rudolf Schlesinger and Kenneth Younger, M.P., at Wilton Park, Steyning, Sussex. Apply: Fabian International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Summer School in Archæological Excavation directed by Miss Kathleen Kenyon, F.S.A. At Viroconium (Wroxeter) Shropshire from August 29-September 12. Inclusive fees £13 or £6 15s. for one week. Details from The Director of Extra-Mural Studies, The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3.

FABIAN Summer Schools 1953. August 15/22, Hope, Derbyshire; August 22/29, Wilton Park, Steyning, Sussex; August 29/Sept. 5, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Apply: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

SWEDEN: Summer Course "Modern Sweden" to be held at Jakobsberg People's College, near Stockholm, Aug. 24-Sept. 12, 1953. Full prospectus available on request to The Swedish Institute, 49 Egerton Crescent, London, S.W.3.

DRAMA Schools. Three Arts Centre, London, W.1. Day School July 27-Aug. 7, 5 gns. Evening School Aug. 10-21, 4 gns. Dir.: Marian Naylor. All branches Dramatic Art for teachers, actors, producers. Details: Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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